

ST. NICHOLAS.

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OLD Santa sat in his easy-chair,
And his furrowed face wore a look of care;

"It 's just a shame!"

He was heard to exclaim,

"I can stand it no longer, I declare!

For nineteen hundred years or so

I 've done my best, as folks well know,

To make the children happy and gay

All over the world on Christmas day —

To give them just what they wanted or needed;

And I thought till now I had always succeeded.

But, alas! I have not," the old man said,

As he mournfully shook his hoary head.

"Perhaps it 's because I 'm growing old;

But by my messengers I 've been told

Some children don't like the gifts I bring!

That they even find fault,—ah, there 's the sting! —

And, worse than that,"—here his voice sank low

And his trembling old form shook with woe,—

"They say — and it 's this that makes me cross —

That they don't believe in a Santa Claus!

I should like to know,

If that be so,

Who has filled their stockings each Christmas eve

With just the gifts they hoped to receive!

But such base and rude
 Ingratitude
 Makes kindness seem of no avail.
 I'll put my business up for sale
 At public auction; for I consider
 It's wise to sell out to the highest bidder."

Next day a big red flag waved o'er
 The lintel of Santa Claus' door;
 Bell-ringers went out,
 Who tramped about
 And proclaimed aloud to the gathering crowd
 That the sale would be held at half-past four.



The people ran to their doors to see
 What in the world the commotion could be.
 They stood aghast
 As the criers passed,
 Proclaiming Santa Claus' decree.
 With voices strong,
 In a dull singsong,
 The criers cried as they went along:
 "Hear ye, I say!
 Auction to-day!
 Hear, all ye people along the highway!
 Hark to the call;
 Come one, come all!

Come to the auction at Santa Claus Hall.
 There will be sold
 Goods new and old;
 Come with your silver and come with your gold."

Wondering, the people all flocked to the
 sale;
 And the auctioneer,
 With jovial cheer,
 Took up the startling tale.
 "Friends," he announced, "I offer you
 Marvelous bargains at this vendue.
 I shall sacrifice
 At a nominal price
 A well-established business route,
 Stock and fixtures and all to boot.
 In that direction observe, if you please,
 An immense, thick grove of Christmas trees;
 While yonder forest, as you may know,
 Yields bushels of holly and mistletoe;

"Then there is a lumber-yard piled high
 With thousands of Yule logs, fine and dry;
 And there's no use
 To try to produce
 Such a turkey or chicken or duck or goose
 As is found in the poultry-yard hard by.

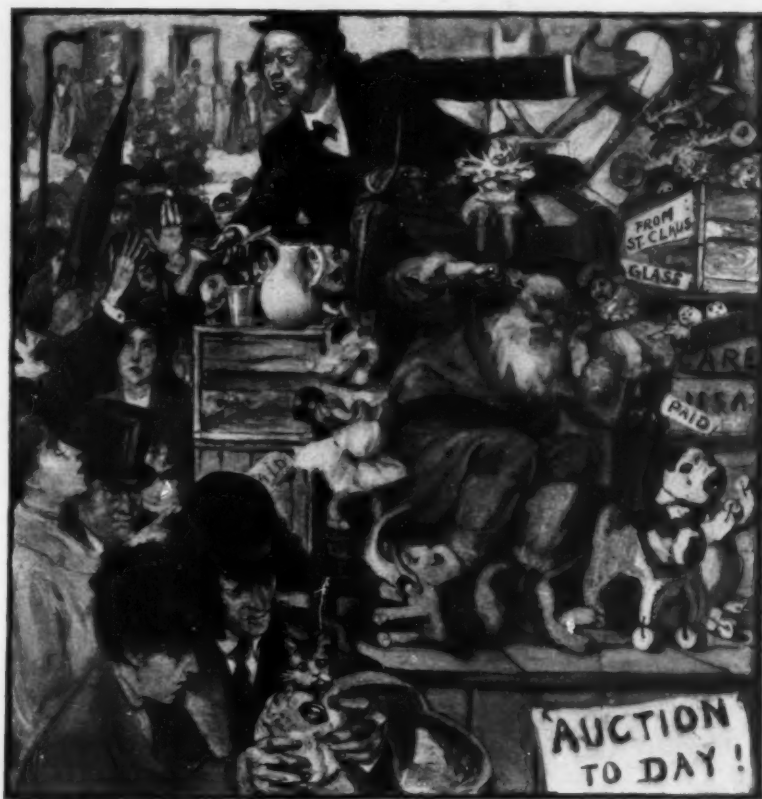
"There's a factory in which all sorts of toys
 Are made for good little girls and boys;
 And a paint-shop, too,
 Where they paint tops blue,
 Or a long strong sled
 Is painted red,
 Or pink cheeks put on a wax doll's head.

"There's a candy kitchen, where white-
 capped cooks
 Fling ropes of taffy o'er big bright hooks;
 They make lemon-sticks
 And chocolate bricks,
 Butter-scotch, caramels, jujubes, pralines;
 Peanut-bar, marshmallows, fudge, nougatines.

"There's another great kitchen, where more
 cooks make
 Mince-pies, plum-puddings, and frosted cake.
 There's a press which prints carols and
 catches and glees
 To sing at Christmas jubilees.

"Then out in the barn there's a beautiful sleigh,
 And eight prancing reindeer, high-stepping
 and gay;
 But time would fail
 To go into detail

Then something happened!
 A rushing sound,
 As if a cyclone had burst its bound —
 Such a racket and uproar and hubbub and noise
 As can only be made by irate girls and boys;



Of all the parts of this wonderful sale.
 And all in one lot
 It's for sale on the spot,
 And as to the price I care not a jot.
 So what am I bid?
 For I must get rid
 Of every toy and candy and carol —
 Of the whole complete outfit, lock, stock,
 and barrel!"

And with clamorous clatter and deafening
 din
 A myriad children came scampering in.
 To Santa Claus' side
 They flew and they cried,
 "Oh, stop this vendue!
 That tale is n't true!
 We don't want another; we want only
 you!"



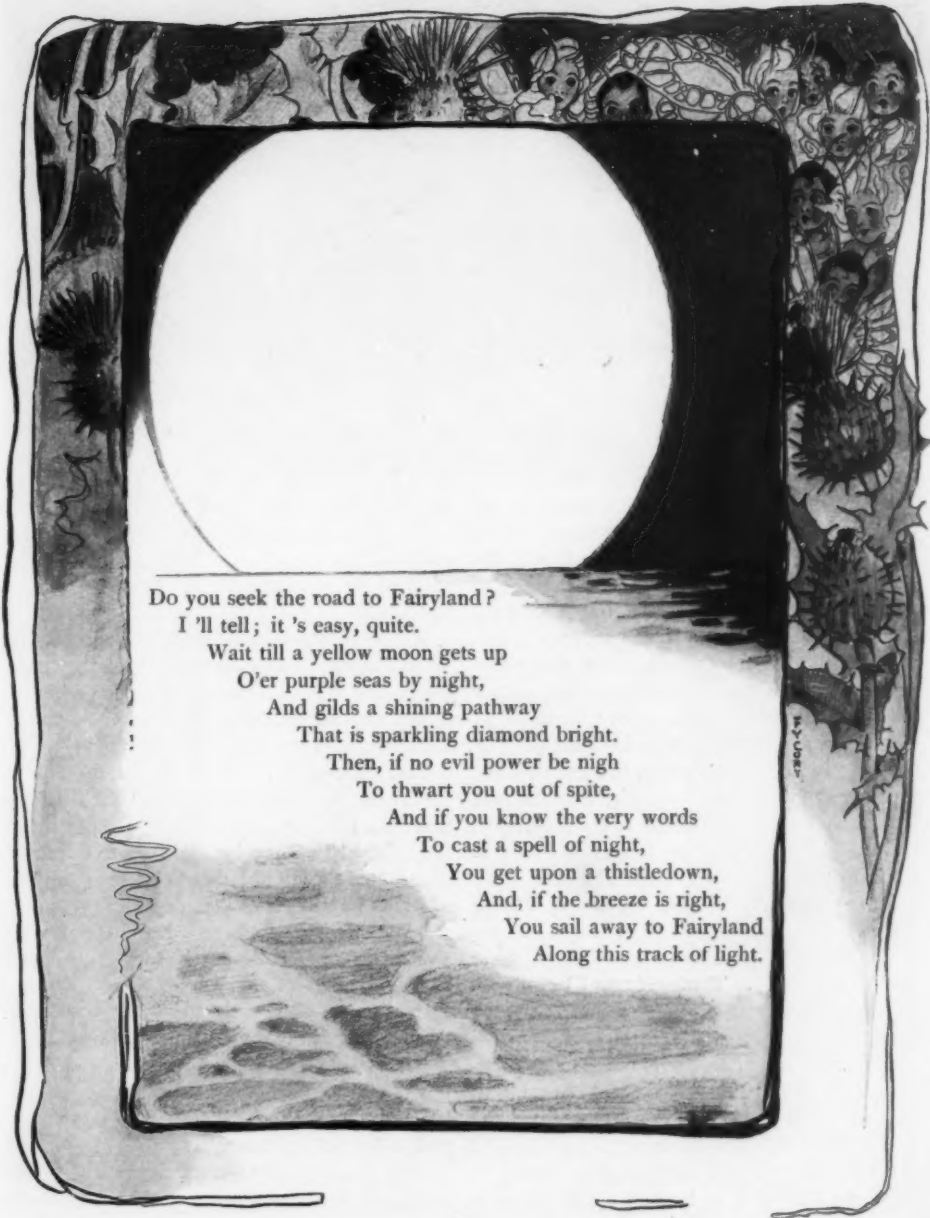
They pulled down the red flag, and the poor
 auctioneer
 Just fled for his life in a tumult of fear.
 While Santa Claus smiled
 At each furious child,

And said soothingly, "There, there, don't
 worry, my dear."
 Then he turned to the crowd,
 And said, very loud:
 "This auction, I 'll now take occasion to
 state,
 Is postponed till some future indefinite
 date."



THE ROAD TO FAIRYLAND.

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON.



Do you seek the road to Fairyland?

I'll tell; it's easy, quite.

Wait till a yellow moon gets up

O'er purple seas by night,

And gilds a shining pathway

That is sparkling diamond bright.

Then, if no evil power be nigh

To thwart you out of spite,

And if you know the very words

To cast a spell of night,

You get upon a thistledown,

And, if the breeze is right,

You sail away to Fairyland

Along this track of light.



The Bachelor's Doll

By Temple Bailey.

SHE was certainly a most bewitching doll. All the little girls who passed by the great shop-window stopped and admired, until it came to be a common thing to see a throng of small feminine adorers clustered close to the glass, discussing the charms of the big bisque baby.

Now and then a boy stopped, too, hanging on the edge of the crowd, and marching off with head in the air if another boy came in sight.

But the doll's greatest conquest was the Bachelor. Department stores were things outside of his usual experience, but Christmas brought certain obligations, and so, once a year, he mingled with the crowds in the busy shopping district. Thus it came about that he saw the doll. He towered high above the heads of the little girls, so he could behold all the glory of the long white infant's gown, the embroidered coat strewn with pink rosebuds, the lace cap, the arms held out beseechingly to the passers-by, and the blue eyes with the fringed lashes, that reminded the Bachelor of some one else.

"Is n't she sweet!" rose the chorus of shrill voices.

The Bachelor did not really believe there could be a daintier doll. He had never seen one, at any rate. So he went straight to the toy department and ordered the doll sent home.

When the long box came, the Bachelor carried it to his sitting-room and opened it. "Dandy," the Bachelor's cat, sat on the divan and watched the unpacking.

"Now what do you think of that, Dandy?" asked the Bachelor, as he held up the wonder-

ful baby with the wavy yellow hair, the outstretched arms, and the china-blue eyes.

Just then some one knocked. The Bachelor threw the end of a Navajo blanket over the doll.

"Will you have your dinner served now, sir?" asked Truxton, the Bachelor's valet.

"Yes; bring it up," was the reply. So the man brought the tray with the steaming dishes.

"You need n't wait, Truxton," said the Bachelor, as the man lighted a red lamp in the middle of the table. "I will ring when I need you." The Bachelor was dining very simply that evening.

Then Truxton departed, and the Bachelor uncovered the doll.

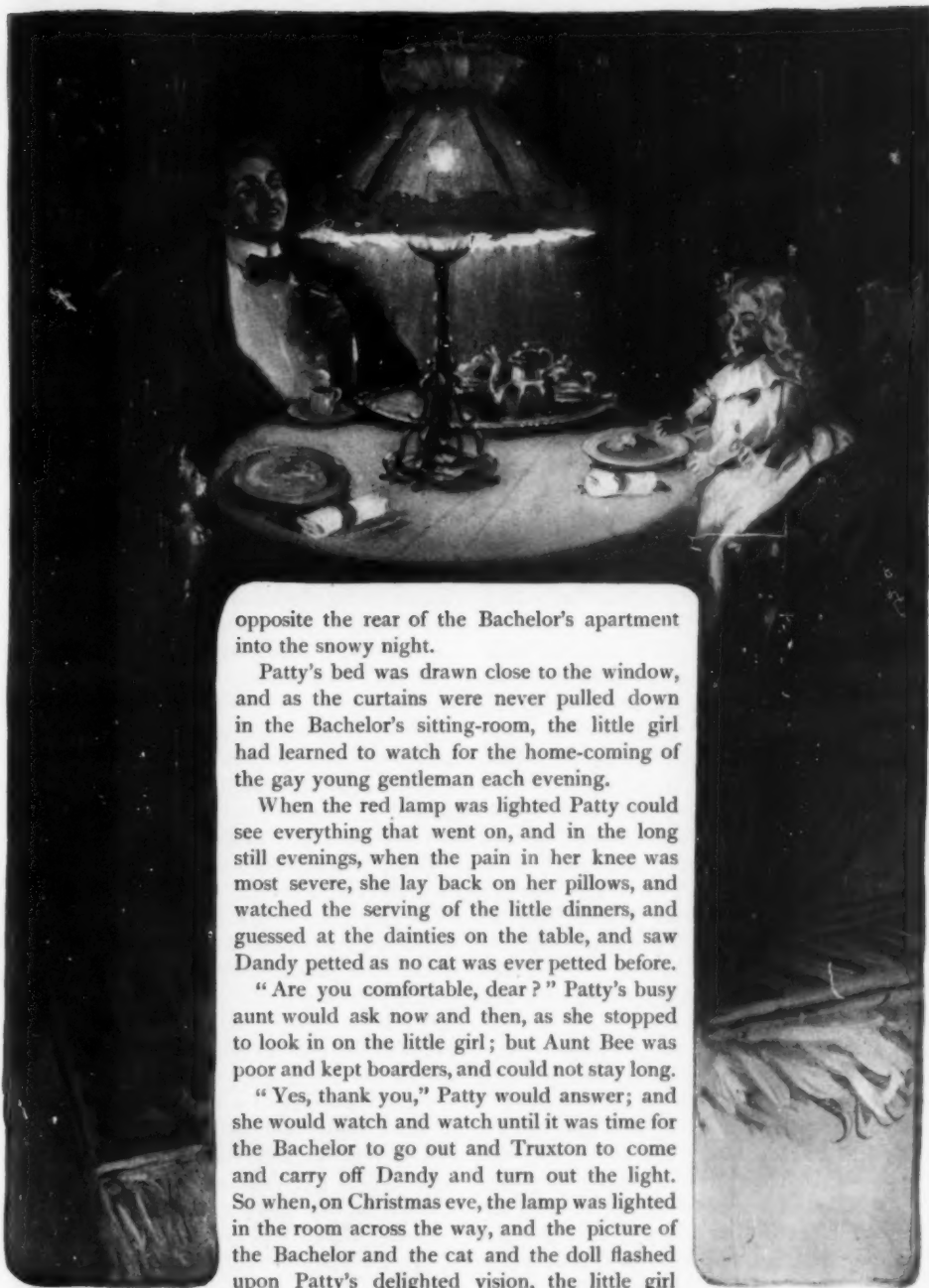
He piled the cushions up in a chair, so that when she was placed on top of them her arms lay on the table. Dandy was accommodated in like manner on the other side, and then the Bachelor, who was not old, but was very fond of fun, lay back in his chair and laughed.

"There is nothing like having a sociable time," he said. "And, by Jove, she is a pretty little thing!" Then he sighed a little as he thought of the other pair of blue eyes, for love of which he was still a bachelor.

"She must have a name, Dandy. What do you think — of — of — of 'Bessie'?" he asked, and laid a bit of the fish on Dandy's plate. Dandy gave a soft "purr-up" of approval, and then ate his fish in a gentlemanly manner.

"All right, Bessie it shall be"; and with his gay laugh the Bachelor reached across the table and shook hands with the blue-eyed doll, and called her by name.

And that was the picture that Patty saw as she gazed from the window of the tall tenement



opposite the rear of the Bachelor's apartment into the snowy night.

Patty's bed was drawn close to the window, and as the curtains were never pulled down in the Bachelor's sitting-room, the little girl had learned to watch for the home-coming of the gay young gentleman each evening.

When the red lamp was lighted Patty could see everything that went on, and in the long still evenings, when the pain in her knee was most severe, she lay back on her pillows, and watched the serving of the little dinners, and guessed at the dainties on the table, and saw Dandy petted as no cat was ever petted before.

"Are you comfortable, dear?" Patty's busy aunt would ask now and then, as she stopped to look in on the little girl; but Aunt Bee was poor and kept boarders, and could not stay long.

"Yes, thank you," Patty would answer; and she would watch and watch until it was time for the Bachelor to go out and Truxton to come and carry off Dandy and turn out the light. So when, on Christmas eve, the lamp was lighted in the room across the way, and the picture of the Bachelor and the cat and the doll flashed upon Patty's delighted vision, the little girl raised herself painfully on her pillows and gazed

eagerly at the unusual scene. The doll seated at the table interested her most.

"It 's a baby, Peggy Lou," she breathed. "It 's a baby—a real live baby."

Peggy Lou was made of a towel, and was therefore rather flat-faced, but she was Patty's best beloved. All the joys and griefs of the little girl's life were whispered into her linen ears.

Patty hugged her close. "No; it is n't, either," she said again. "Why, Peggy Lou, Peggy Lou, it 's a *doll*—a beautiful, golden-haired baby doll! If we were there, Peggy Lou," went on the little girl, in her soft voice, "we would hug her tight, would n't we, Peggy Lou?"

She leaned on her elbow again, her face pressed against the cold glass.

"Are n't they having a good time, Peggy Lou?" she said wistfully. "They 're eating chicken, I think, and that nice man has given the baby some cream out of the cream-pitcher. I think he likes to 'pretend,' too, and maybe he is lonesome, and wishes it was a real little girl to have Christmas with," continued wise little Patty.

When he was ready for his dessert, the Bachelor removed the doll from the chair and carefully set her under the table, where it was hidden by the ample folds of the table-cloth. Then he rang for Truxton, who soon entered with a heaping plate of something pink on the tray.

"Ice-cream, Peggy Lou," gasped the little watcher, and her feverish throat was dry with longing. "Would n't that taste good?"

"Patty," said a voice at the door, "here is a bit of rice-pudding left from dinner. 'T is n't much, child, but I thought you might like it."

"Oh, yes; thank you, Aunt Bee," said Patty, gratefully, as she reached out in the dark and took it.

"We 'll pretend we are at the party over there," she said to Peggy Lou, when the door had closed, "and that this is pink ice-cream."

Dinner was over at the other house, and the Bachelor laid the doll back in her box and went away. Then Truxton came and picked up Dandy and turned off the light, and Patty was left alone with her pain and her thoughts and the darkness. But she whispered to Peggy Lou of the wonderful doll over the way, and fell asleep with a smile on her little white face.

The next day was Christmas. Patty's aunt gave her a new red flannel wrapper, and one of the boarders sent her a small box of candy. Patty gave Peggy Lou the ribbon that came on the candy-box, and divided the candy with the servant who came up and straightened her room. The servant wished her a "Merry Christmas," and kissed her as she went out. The little girl's arm clung to her neck. "I wish you could stay with me, Hattie," she said; but she did not complain when Hattie released herself gently and went down to get dinner for the boarders.

Then began another long, lonely day for the little girl. She played with Peggy Lou, and wished that evening would come so that she could see the gay company opposite. But suppose the Bachelor had given the doll away! Of course he had—men did n't keep dolls. She pressed her white face against the glass, trying to pierce the dimness of the room across the way. Thus it happened that the Bachelor, coming to the window with the doll in his arms that he might get a better view of her beauties, saw the thin, pale face of the child, and beside it the flat countenance of her strange towel companion.

The eyes of the child were fixed longingly on the beauty in the Bachelor's arms.

The Bachelor nodded to her. "My dear Bessie," he said to the smiling bisque baby, "there is the kind of mother you ought to have."

Then, with another nod to Patty, he turned back into the room.

"I suppose, Dandy, that if I were like the Christmas gentlemen in books," he said, "I would send Bessie darling straight over there to that poor youngster." He smoked thoughtfully for a while, the doll lying on his knees. She was his one bit of Christmas. He had bought her as a boyish whim, but she had brought memories of a time when Christmas trees and turkey and candy made up one grand and glorious celebration. There had always been a little girl there named Bessie, and she had held in her arms just such a doll as this; and now Bessie was grown-up, and her blue eyes were more beautiful than ever, but she was hard-hearted now—for the Bachelor loved her, and she would n't say "yes."

He drew a quick breath. "No," he said to the doll; "I am selfish, and I want you." So he covered her up again with the blanket, lest Truxton should come in and think him silly.

But he was n't comfortable; the little white face haunted him. Finally he rang his bell.

"Do you know, Truxton," he asked, when the man came, "who that child is over there?"

Truxton went to the window and looked out.

"Little lame girl, sir. My wife tells me that the poor little thing fell and injured her knee one day last summer; and now she can't go out."

"Hum — too bad!" said the Bachelor, and Truxton went away.

All the morning the doll lay in the long white box, while the Bachelor yawned and read the magazines; then lunch was served, and he took a nap, from which he was awakened by a ring at his telephone.

He rolled off the divan and picked up the receiver.

"Hello!" he said indifferently. Then his face changed. All the gloomy restlessness went out of it, and his voice thrilled with joy.

"That you, Bessie? 'Will I come to dinner'? Oh, will I! Bessie, you're an angel. When did you get here? 'At your aunt's'? A Merry Christmas, sweetheart! You don't mind my calling you that, do you — not on Christmas day? Why, of course you don't. I'll say it again. Merry Christmas, sweetheart. Good-bye, good-b — What 's that? 'Bring my doll with me'? What doll? What do you know about a doll? Well, I did n't suppose anybody saw me, but I don't care if *you* did. No, dear; I won't bring my doll, thank you, for I think I have a better use for it. I don't wonder you thought I looked forlorn and lonely, but that was n't the real reason for my buying the doll. If you must know, it was because it had eyes that made me think of some one I once — Hello, there, Central! Hello! Don't cut me off! Hello! hello!" But she was gone.

The Bachelor turned away from the telephone transfixed. He rang for Truxton.

"Truxton," he said, as he flung off his dressing-gown, "I am dining out."

Truxton's face fell, but he was too well trained

to show disappointment. "You'll miss a fine dinner, sir," he said.

"It won't be wasted, though," replied the Bachelor.

"I have a plan, Truxton," he went on eagerly. "Won't you and Mary run across the street and see if that little girl can't be carried over here, and then you can serve the dinner to her. They do such things in story-books, don't they? And I declare I feel like a story-book man. Truxton," said the Bachelor, in a special burst of confidence, "I feel as if I were a prince in a fairy tale, for the princess has come."

"Miss Bessie, sir?" said Truxton, with a smile breaking down the gravity of his old face.

"Yes, Miss Bessie; and I am a happy man. It is really like a fairy tale, Truxton. And she shall be my fairy princess, if I have to carry her off."

So Truxton and his wife, Mary, who did the work of a housemaid in the Bachelor's quarters, went over to the boarding-house, while the Bachelor piled up the cushions on the big divan, and found an old pink silk Japanese robe, and laid the big doll on the Navajo blanket, and hummed a little song as he rubbed Dandy's head.

Soon Truxton and Mary came back with a big bundle of blankets, which being unrolled revealed a small excited child in the very center, with a flat-faced doll in her arms.

"Put this around her, Truxton," said the Bachelor, and the pink silk gown was slipped over the red flannel one; then Patty was propped up on the cushions, with the Navajo blanket over her feet, and the Bachelor introduced her to the doll.

"She is yours," he said, and the blond, fluffy head was tucked close to the little girl's chin.

"Oh, o-oh!" she said softly; but she could n't finish, it was all so overwhelming.

The Bachelor had tears in his eyes. "You selfish pig," he was saying to himself. "Why did n't you do this before?"

But while the new doll lay on one arm of her new mistress, Peggy Lou lay on the other. For was not Peggy Lou the faithful companion of her adversity, and even for blue-eyed bisque babies Peggy Lou should not be laid aside.

"You see," explained the Bachelor to Patty,

gaily, "this is a fairy tale. I am the fairy prince, and — and — and — here is the fairy godmother who has helped me to win my princess!" he exclaimed, affectionately patting Bessie on the head. "She brought *you* to me, too," he added, "and now she is yours to command. How 's that?"

And Patty clapped her hands and thought that was the best of all, that Bessie should be the fairy godmother.

"I shall not be here to dinner," went on the Bachelor; "but you are to have Dandy and Bessie and your Peggy Lou doll for guests. That will make just four, and Truxton shall tell you now just what you are going to have, so that you can give your orders if everything is not all right."

"First, there 's blue-points, sir," said the beaming Truxton.

Patty turned inquiring eyes on the Bachelor.

"Oysters," translated that young man.

"And consommé royal."

"Chicken soup," said the Bachelor.

"And fillet of salmon."

"Fish," said the Bachelor.

"And turkey and salad and fresh strawberry ice-cream and coffee."

"Leave off the coffee," said the Bachelor, "and get some more sweets — candies, you know, and some of those fancy crackers that pull open with a snap and have tissue-paper things inside."

"Yes, sir," said Truxton.

"And remember," said the Bachelor to Patty, "that what you don't see you are to ask for. You know you have a fairy godmother now," he added with a twinkle in his eye.

"I know," said Patty, gravely, although she was not quite sure that she *did* know. She thought that there never was such a delightful man. She had always "pretended" things and big people laughed at her; but here was a grown-up man who could "make believe" just as she did.

When Truxton had gone out, the Bachelor stood and looked down at Patty. There was something very touching in her little drawn face; so he knelt by the divan and put his arm

around her thin figure. Then he asked gently about her knee.

Patty told him all about it. "The doctors said I might be cured, but it would cost an awful lot, for I should have to go away to a place they told Aunt Bee about. And of course she could n't afford to send me," she added patiently.

The Bachelor smoothed her hair.

"But you forget that you have a fairy godmother!" he said, drawing from his pocket a long pencil and placing it in Bessie's rigid fingers. "There! Just wave her wand, and next week the pumpkin coach will come and take you and the fairy prince to the place where the doctors want to send you, and when you come back you will be well — I mean it, little girl," he declared, as Patty looked incredulous.

Then Patty just put her arms around the Bachelor's neck and hid her face in his coat collar, and cried and cried for happiness; and when the Bachelor went away to dress, he stopped in the dark hall and wiped his eyes.

Truxton came in to set the table, and Patty watched him lay covers for four. At every place he put five forks, besides all the spoons and knives; and there was a bunch of red carnations at Patty's place, and one for Bessie, and one for Peggy Lou; but Dandy had a button-hole bunch. And when everything was ready, Mary piled the cushions up high in the big chair at the head of the table, and placed Patty among them so that she was perfectly comfortable, and she felt very grand in her pink silk robe. Dandy sat at the foot, and on each side were Bessie and Peggy Lou.

Just as Truxton served the oysters on their beds of ice, the Bachelor came in, looking very handsome in his evening clothes.

"Good-by, fairy godmother," he said. Then he leaned down close to Patty's ear.

"I am going to see the fairy princess," he whispered.

"Really?" whispered Patty, with shining eyes.

"And when you are well, and I am married," cried the Bachelor, as he picked up his hat, "we will all live happy ever after!"

And they really and truly did.



A CHRISTMAS EVENING PARTY IN Y* OLDEN TIME.





I love the world when the sun shines
Down on the quiet ground,
When I hear the grass-bugs
chirp at my feet
And the end of a distant sound.



I love the world when the wind blows.
When it tosses my hair about.
When my hat blows off,
And my ribbons crack,
And I laugh and run and shout.



I love the world when the rain falls.
When the streets are all mud and ooze.
When I need my umbrella
and mackintosh,
And my shiny, new overshoes.



I love all of the days
Of the beautiful world,
Every day every hour and minute.
I could go on living forever and never
Grow weary of any-thing in it.



THE THREE CASKETS

BY GEORGE M. R. TWOSE.

ONCE upon a time, according to the greatest of poets, there lived, in the days of romance and in the city of Venice, a lovely lady named Portia.

Portia was a beautiful blonde, whose sunny locks of red-gold hair hung on her temples like a golden fleece. The name Portia, moreover, means fortune-lady (just as "opportunity" means fortunate occasion), and, to justify her name, the lady had not only red-gold hair, but red gold of another kind also. This fortune had been left her by her father, who was a very wise man. He is really one of the most interesting characters of the story, for you will notice that, though he was dead, and none of the people except Portia had known him, yet he is also one of the most powerful personages in the story. Invisible, he arranges everything; and he, fearing that an undeserving man might become possessed of his daughter and of her money, had directed in his will that all who came as suitors should undergo a certain trial as a test of their sincerity. This was the test:

He caused to be made three chests or caskets — one of gold, one of silver, and one of lead; and in one of them, nobody knew which, was a picture of Portia. Those who came wooing had each one guess, and the first suitor who guessed rightly in which casket lay the picture, was to marry Portia. But before any one was permitted to choose he had to promise three things:

1. Never to tell which casket he had chosen.
2. If he guessed wrongly, never to marry any one else.
3. If he failed, to go away immediately.

In spite of these hard conditions, many suitors came from the four corners of the world. Rich marquises from France, haughty princes from Spain and swarthy ones from Morocco, dukes from Germany, barons from England, and many fine gentlemen of Venice came to seek this fortune-lady — each with a gay cavalcade of retainers and servants, blazoned before and behind with the coat of arms of their master.

Now all these suitors were men who had only heard of Portia, but who traveled to Venice seeking her, and were willing to submit to the hard conditions of her father's will without having even seen her. From what they had heard of the radiant lady, of her worth and beauty, they had formed an idea or ideal of her in their minds;

and this ideal was so beautiful that, for its sake, they were willing to risk much. The thought that each suitor had formed of the fortune-lady was different from the others' ideals of her, and was as good as that particular prince or nobleman was capable of thinking. (For some people can think higher than others, just as some people can throw farther.) Some, as her father had feared, thought of her wealth only, and her image, in their minds, was attractive more for the shimmer of her gold than for that of her hair. Others, again, thought more of this sunshine round her head than of that of the warmth and brightness of her nature. Each had his own ideal of her. In some suitors the ideal was low, just as their characters were low, and they were not so willing to submit to conditions. But others were reigning princes of wide lands, and were of higher rank than Portia—rulers they, with crowns and scepters. Far away from their own land and from the midst of their courts her invisible attraction had drawn them, though they had never seen her. From what men had said of the beautiful Venetian lady, they had imagined what she was like, and she became in their thoughts so beautiful that they set forth for the sake of the ideal lady to find the real lady. The affection of such men was truly for the worth of Portia herself as well as for her riches, and they were prepared to undergo the trial designed by Portia's father.

Portia, on her side, had to carry out her father's wishes and marry the suitor who was successful, whether she wished to or not; and "so," as she said to Nerissa, her waiting-maid, "is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?" To which Nerissa replied: "Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead (whereof who chooseth his meaning chooseth you) will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly but one who you shall rightly love."

Portia was n't so sure, but she hoped so, for she was really in love with a young Venetian named Bassanio whom she had seen. Still she dutifully determined to carry out her father's wishes, and received courteously each suitor who came proudly and hopefully along to make his choice (though secretly she hoped each would choose the wrong casket).

And rapidly enough the suitors came.

Now Portia's father knew that when each suitor came to make his choice he would select the casket he liked best, whether he liked it for good reasons or otherwise. You can generally tell by what people like whether they are nice people or not. So he arranged that the right casket would only be chosen for some very good reason. One of the first to choose was the



THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON.

Prince of Arragon, and though, like every one else, he seemed doubtful which casket to choose, he at last took the one most in keeping with his own character, as Portia's father had fore-

seen. First he read the inscriptions on the caskets. On the leaden one was a positive warning:

Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.

This did not seem attractive to his Highness, who thought to himself that lead would have to look much nicer before *he* would hazard much for it. On the golden box was the promise:

Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.

Now many men would have chosen that one, because they would have been attracted by the

very nice outside (peppers, for instance) which are not nice inside at all. So, because the gold casket was so fine outside, he did not think it *must* be fine inside. The silver casket said:

Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.

Portia's father knew it would take a more thoughtful man to choose the silver casket than the gold—some one who would think of other things besides appearances. But he knew that any one who is willing to take only what he deserves either does not desire the very best (for

very few of us think we really *deserve* the very best, though we would like to have it), or else he assumes desert—that is, thinks he is worthy of it without having worked to make himself so. The wise old gentleman, therefore, arranged that any one who chose the silver casket should not get the very best, because, though any one who chose it might be thinking of very nice things, he would not be thinking of the very finest things. That was the mistake of the poor Prince of Arragon. He assumed desert, and he really did deserve Portia if she had been only as fine as he thought she was. The difficulty was he did not think of her in the very best possible way, and she was really finer than his ideal. (He, I think, was something like the people who say they are very fond of music, and are content with not learning about it.) So, in spite of his sincerity and earnestness and thoughtfulness, he never attained his ideal, for inside the silver casket, instead of a picture of Portia, was the picture of a half-witted man (Arragon, you see, was half wise, not wholly wise), and with it a scroll which said:

Some there be that shadows kiss;
Some have but a shadow's bliss.

Arragon's ideal of Portia was just what the shadow is to the real thing. Portia's father was very learned about men and their ideas, and you see it was no easy matter to choose aright. Another of the suitors who came proudly



THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO.

gold, and that was what Portia's father thought. Gold is what many men desire, and sometimes they think so highly of it that it takes the place of all other good things; for they suppose that, having one, all the others are possible. The Prince of Arragon was not so thoughtless as that. He knew it was unwise to choose only by show, and that there are things that look

along, with high hopes and a glitter of retinue, was the Prince of Morocco.

He was very fine in expression (but not so thoughtful as Arragon), and did not wish to try the caskets at all. He desired to prove his worth by some brave deed, something really

from his point of view, but it was not very deep thought. The lead he would have nothing to do with; the silver seemed much more attractive: but when he came to the gold there was no hesitation in his mind that this precious metal, which was so fine and fair to see, was the only one fit to enshrine lovely Portia's picture. It was really a very gentlemanly way to think; but it is a mistake to please the eye rather than the heart, and to imagine that what seems very evident must be true (as if the sun moved round the earth, for instance). It *was* a mistake, for inside the golden casket was a death's-head, with a scroll which said:

All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told.
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold.
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscrolled.
Fare you well; your suit is cold.



BASSANIO.

dangerous, to show how great his love was. However, it was not physical bravery only, but bravery of spirit also, that Portia's father had desired in his daughter's husband, so Portia told this dashing prince that there was only one test, and that was the one devised. Then Morocco, who was really very manly and good-natured, but not very deep, set his wits to work on the riddle. One can see that since he desired "to outbrave the heart most daring on the earth," he was one of the people who like to do plain, straightforward things they understand rather than think about things which are not very clear. So, naturally, the way he thought about the caskets was very clear and straightforward

So the bold, stupid Prince of Morocco, who chose right away the thing that looked best to him, felt that through ill fortune he had missed what one less worthy might attain, and he departed, loyal to his promise, but with too grieved a heart to take a tedious leave of the fair lady whom he had hoped to make his wife. Thus Arragon and Morocco with their ideals passed by, and Portia wondered how many more would choose the caskets of gold and silver before the right man came for her to wed.

When the next suitor appeared, however, it became more exciting, for he was no other than that young gentleman of Venice, Bassanio, to whom Portia was well inclined. But though she liked him very much, she dutifully and sorrowfully determined to abide by her father's will, and Bassanio, like all the other suitors, had to risk the choice of the caskets. This time, however, instead of being afraid that the suitor would choose rightly, Portia had a dread that he might choose wrongly, so it was very interesting. Bassanio, in choosing, did not reason as the other two had. He knew that things which seem good are

not always so; that outward show is not all, and that ornament is deceptive: so the gaudy gold was put on one side. The silver as less rare was also refused. But the lead,— which seemed rather to threaten,— which it took courage to select and a knowledge that “common” things have great beauty within them as well as great usefulness—he knew that if he selected his casket for these deeper reasons rather than for its appearance, he stood just as good a chance as if he chose by outward beauty. So that was what he did: he chose by the inside instead of by the outside. He selected the leaden casket, and inside he found, to his great joy, Portia's picture and a scroll which said:

You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair and choose as true!
Since the fortune falls to you,
Be content and seek no new.
If you will be well pleas'd with this
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is
And claim her with a loving kiss.

So Bassanio won Portia because he chose with courage and looked not only with his eye but with his mind. And that is the story of Portia the fortune-lady and the three caskets, from which one may learn many things.

There is, however, another story in the world about another radiant being and three other caskets, but this one is so true a tale that men have always *lived* it. I will tell you about it as I have told you Portia's story, only I cannot begin with “once upon a time,” for this is a story of always.

All the time, then, let us say, there has existed another beautiful being, whom we will call Vera, the true lady, just as Shakspeare named his Portia the fortune-lady. Vera has always existed, and, like Portia's suitors, men have never seen her. But just as Arragon and Morocco and all the princes and nobles from what they heard of Portia formed a beautiful ideal of her, and traveled far to find her and were willing to do many things for her sake, so men from what they have heard of Vera have imagined her in their minds and for the sake of their ideals of her have done the deeds of love.

There was nothing so exact about Vera as

there was about Portia. No one knew where she was to be found; but over the blue sea and the lovely earth, in the loneliness of mountaintops, and in crowded city bazaars, men have pressed after Vera, so strong was her influence and the longing people had for her. Still, none ever found her, but all, for the sake of what they imagined her to be, for the sake of their ideals, have loved her to some degree, and as she still remained invisible and they despaired of ever really finding her, these ideals became more precious and more real.

Those stories are nicest, I think, that tell about three wishes, or three princesses, or three somethings; so I will tell about Vera and three princes, how each sought her, and what each did for her sake. For, just as Portia's suitors had to consent to hard conditions to prove their sincerity, so all those who seek Vera have to consent to much harder ones. Many have endured suffering and all sorts of loss, but they have endured it to the end. Some have even died; but when they died they held out their arms as if they saw Vera coming to them to reward their devotion. Not one of the princes of whom I shall tell you was able to win Vera, as Portia was won, through any choice of a casket containing her picture; but, on the other hand, each prince, representing many men's hearts and hands, *made* a magnificent casket that embodied his ideal of her. And these caskets differed greatly from one another, according to the various builders' ideals of Vera. Portia was a beautiful Venetian blonde with red-gold hair; but men could only *imagine* how Vera looked. Some picture her as dark, with long wind-tossed hair and mournful eyes. Others imagine her as fair, with blue eyes and all the fresh and dewy brightness of an early summer's day. The ideal of some is a fierce and savage maiden, while some see her bending over them with a great protecting love. Portia and her red-gold locks and her red-gold fortune and her caskets three have passed away; but Vera, of beauty and power, still lives, and the caskets and the statues that the suitors made in her honor are still to be seen. Perhaps some day you to whom I am telling this tale will see them.

The first suitor who made a casket to enshrine his ideal of Vera was one whom we will call



Drawn by Maxfield Parrish.

"EGYPT KNEW THAT HE WOULD HAVE TO WORK AND WAIT BEFORE HE
WAS WORTHY OF HIS IDEAL." (SEE PAGE 122.)

the Prince of Egypt, who lived and loved many thousands of years ago. He was a very worthy and lovable prince, too. He was very quiet and very earnest, and you could always depend upon him. The ideal that he had formed was a very beautiful one. When he saw that he could not find Vera anywhere in any particular place, he serenely imagined her as being everywhere, and she was thus the whole world. He said, "She is whatever is, or has been, and her veil no mortal has ever lifted"—which was his way of saying no one had ever seen her. The day was her waking and the night her sleep; the breeze was her voice, the sun her eye, the flowers her jewels, and for the prince she was behind everything. Then he had this delightful thought: "When I die, I, too, shall see *behind* everything [for that is what men have always hoped], and *then* shall I find Vera." That was very joyful, and meanwhile he did not think that anything would be of very much importance until he died and found her. This idea made his whole life very happy, this certainty that some day he would see her, and all his life he looked forward with that steady, level gaze and serene, contemplative way he had. Then, in order to do her honor, he made a magnificent casket. It was made of stone, and carved all over it were pictures of Vera, and verses and petitions to Vera, and the thoughts of the prince about her. It was very high and very long, and built with patience as well as stone, and earnestness was the cement he used, and very wide and steadfast were its gates. It was all made of the biggest and heaviest stones he could find, for he wanted it to last a long time, and this was the reason. You see, just as in the fairy tales, where, when the prince marries the princess, they always live happily together ever afterward, so the Prince of Egypt imagined that when he found Vera, she would be his princess and *they* would live happily together forever afterward. He was continually thinking of this happy endless time, and it seemed so long and so happy that the few years he had to live on earth before it began were quite short in comparison. When he made his casket, therefore, he did not wish it to last only for the few years wherein he was so lonely, but for the "ever afterward" when he was to be with Vera. That was

why he made it so strong. The strength of his casket was a sign of the strength of his faith, and in that he was sublime. There was just one queer little thing in connection with him, and that was, he did not quite understand the difference between body and spirit, and he thought that after he died he would require things to eat and wear and to use. In that one point he was like Arragon: he was n't wholly wise; but in others he was better, because he was the more thoughtful of the two; and while Arragon thought he was worthy of Portia right away, Egypt knew that he would have to work and wait before he was worthy of his ideal. There is one trouble with this story: you don't know the very end; but I think, if the truth were known, Egypt found Vera somewhere—over the edge of the world.

The next suitor to seek for Vera and make a casket for her we will call the Prince of Greece, and a very different fellow he was from his brother of Egypt. I always like to think of Egypt as a soft dark summer night that is so peaceful and quiet—just one big thing; while Greece resembled the bright glancing beauty of an early summer morning—all color and sparkle and with lots of things in it. I regret to say that when he was young he used to quarrel and fight violently with all the other boys round, and he was always thinking how to get ahead of them, and looking out that they did not get ahead of him. On this account he became very quick-witted and clear-headed in a certain sort of way; for if you are playing a dangerous game like that, it is always a very good plan to understand very, very clearly how to play it, or else it is—well, dangerous. It was n't a nice way to play, for he became rather sly and crafty, and thought about himself too much. However, he learned to run well, and to jump and wrestle, and had a strong, graceful body. Then, as he grew up, he traveled a great deal, and saw much that interested him, and met many different people, too, and talked over their ideas; and he always retained his boyhood's habit of thinking clearly and understanding all that interested him.

This is a very good thing: to understand clearly all that interests you; but you must still be interested in things you don't quite under-



"AND VERY WIDE AND STEADFAST WERE ITS GATES."

stand. We all know how much we should lose if we should give up learning the things that appear a little mysterious at first. That was what the Greek did. He did not like mysteries, and so he lost a great deal that would have made him more attractive. Nevertheless, he was a beautiful prince, with bright eyes and curly hair, fond of running and leaping, and interested in everything round him. He had not the patience and modesty and steadfastness of the Prince of Egypt, and he was having such a good time in the present that he did not care to bother about the future (something like boys, I think, who hate to be asked what they are going to be when they grow up). In time he, too, heard about Vera, and, like all men, imagined her and sought her; but when he could not find her in any particular place, he soon thought of her as being *in* everything. Not *behind* everything,—that was too far away, too vague, and one of the things you can't think about quite clearly,—but *in* everything: the trees, the fountain, the sea, the river, the clouds—everything that gave a color and a pleasure to his life. Then, with his exceeding clearness of thought, he imagined her as stepping from the trees, looking through the fountain spray, and rising from the sea; and the vision was so vivid that it was almost the same as if the ideal were real and he had indeed found Vera—as he thought she was, not as she really is. For he did not think of her in the very best way, you see, but only in a way that he was able readily to understand. His ideal, therefore, was a being like himself, only brighter and more beautiful and powerful and always young, but having faults such as he had, and the same hopes and fears. He did not think of a Vera so far above him as to be vague and uncertain, and he did not trouble about a future with her that was uncertain. He lived in the midst of bright, interesting things. So he imagined one more beautiful thing, and added it to his life. I don't think he was as gentlemanly as Morocco, because he was not either willing to trouble about a mystery or to do brave things. And I think the difference between Greece wanting his happiness right away and only interested in the things round him, and Egypt waiting and longing for this all his life, with his serene gaze looking far away across thousands of years, is very great.

Greece made his casket in the same way as he thought. Under the fair blue sky it rose, slender, stately, graceful, of wonderful proportion and with delicate lights and shadows. Gleaming marble, dull rich gold, bright vermilion, and dark bronze all helped to make it pleasing to the *eye*, and for such we love it; but it had none of the beautiful trust and faith in it that made the casket of Egypt pleasing to the *mind*. It was like Morocco's golden casket, with its beauty all outside.

Now comes the extremely interesting choice—that of the “youngest brother.” He came to be so great and so powerful afterward, and to rule so many countries, that I hardly know what to call him. I think the “Gothic Prince” will perhaps be the best. Anyhow, at the time that the Greek Prince was making his casket the Gothic Prince was a little boy, but so weak and white that the vigorous, athletic Greek looked at him with amazement and scorn. But the Gothic Prince looked back again with a spirit so strong and so pure shining through his eyes that it made up for all his slight form. And he needed all his spirit, for he grew up through persecution and scorn. People found out he did not like the same things they did, and at first they laughed at him, then they hated him, and then they persecuted him, and it took all his endurance to live through it. But in spite of all he conquered. Watchful and earnest he grew from a little weakly child into a slender, stately youth with the fire of courage and the clearness of truth shining through the wonderful eyes that had never flinched from attack or threat. He had not the wonderful muscular grace of body that belonged to the Prince of Greece, because he did not care so much about it; but his strength was “as the strength of ten because his heart was pure.” He had all the lovable qualities of spirit and mind, and a broad white forehead above the clear, deep eyes, which saw inwardly as well as outwardly, and a mouth that could smile very sweetly and tenderly.

The reason why he was so disliked at first was because his ideal of Vera was different from that of all others. Even the wisest and oldest men said it was absurd when this child looked at the Greek casket and the Greek ideal and said that, beautiful and poetical as each was, it



"GLEAMING MARBLE, DULL RICH GOLD, BRIGHT VERMILION, AND DARK BRONZE
ALL HELPED TO MAKE IT PLEASING TO THE EYE."



"THE OUTSIDE WORLD WAS NOTHING."

was not the highest possible. The fact is that the Gothic Prince did not think much about Vera's appearance at all. He thought of her as being far above himself in goodness, just as we think of people whom we like, when we don't think only of their looks but of what they are in character—of their "niceness." So it was not of Vera's looks that he thought, but of her goodness, her spirit; he formed an ideal, and in his love for her beautiful spirit he endeavored to be worthy of her by trying to be good also. This was a very much higher ideal than that of the beautiful Greek Prince. His ideal of Vera was so personal, of some one so like himself, that, though Vera to him was very beautiful and very clear, for that very reason she became less fine instead of his becoming finer; for the Greek's Vera walked and thought on his own level; he did not have to raise his eyes. The Gothic Prince fixed those reverent eyes of his on an ideal so high that it was almost beyond the reach of his thought, and it required all his aspiration to attain it.

When you think of the three princes and the three suitors they seem very much alike. For Egypt, who looked behind things, is like Arragon, who looked a little below the surface and chose the silver. They were both of them thoughtful and both fine, as they both had very high ideals. Then, Greece seems very like Morocco—both very fond of action, both loving bright, beautiful surfaces, and each thinking that what seems so clear must be true. Then, Bassanio and our youngest prince, both brave of spirit, both putting aside outward show and looking inwardly, are alike also. And just as the beauty of Bassanio's casket was inside, so was that of the Gothic Prince. It was Vera's spirit he idealized, and with his spirit he loved her. So when he built his casket, it was of the inside he thought first, and less of the outside, and everything in it helped to strengthen his nature and raise it and make him finer and better. The casket of the Greek Prince was intended to be seen from the outside, and depended upon the sky and light for its beauty of shadow and glow. The casket of the Gothic Prince was meant to be seen mostly from the inside, and the outside world was nothing; everything tended to enable him to concentrate

his thought on Vera and her beautiful spirit, and, like Bassanio, he attained her. He made the discovery that Vera really responded to his thought, and that, with thinking so much about the beauty of her spirit, her spirit had become a part of his own, and reflected in his nature were the beauties of hers. And then, his happiness was in continual thought of her, which meant continual companionship. Now see the difference. For the Egyptian Prince, Vera was behind everything; for the Greek Prince, she was in everything; and for the Gothic Prince, she was in his own heart—still invisible, but present.

Now of course this is a story with a meaning—or what is called a parable. You have long ago guessed that, and perhaps you have discovered the meaning. I told you in the beginning this was a true story, and so it is. It is the story of three great ideals, as expressed in architecture: the old Egyptian ideal; the ideal of Greece, or paganism; and the Christian ideal. Vera is truth, or represents what men believed to be the truth of everything, and the caskets are the temples and cathedrals. Men have had different ideals of what is the truth, and the difference in their ideals has been shown in the architecture of the temples they have builded. For the Egyptian, happiness lay beyond this life—for him To-day was nothing, and the strength of his building is the sign of it. For the Greek, To-day was everything, nothing lay beyond, and all favors he hoped for, he hoped for in this life; so in the form of his temple are all the light, grace, and bright beauty with which he decked his life. But the dim interior of the cathedral reflects the command which the Christian received to look within his own heart.

Now you puzzle all this out and you will have learned something. An ideal is a fine thing to have—indeed, older folks say that no lasting thing of importance can be accomplished without one. If you have a high ideal you do good things, but if you have a low ideal you do ignoble things. You are able to choose which you will have, for you *must* have one of some kind, and some day you will make or help to make a casket for an ideal of your own.



BY HENRY JOHNSTONE.

OH, Friday night's the queen of nights, because
it ushers in
The Feast of good St. Saturday, when studying
is a sin,
When studying is a sin, boys, and we may go
to play
Not only in the afternoon, but all the livelong
day.

St. Saturday — so legends say — lived in the
ages when
The use of leisure still was known and current
among men;
Full seldom and full slow he toiled, and even
as he wrought
He'd sit him down and rest awhile, immersed in
pious thought.

He loved to fold his good old arms, to cross his
good old knees,
And in a famous elbow-chair for hours he'd
take his ease;
He had a word for old and young, and when
the village boys
Came out to play, he'd smile on them and never
mind the noise.

So when his time came, honest man, the neigh-
bors all declared
That one of keener intellect could better have
been spared;

By young and old his loss was mourned in cot-
tage and in hall,
For if he'd done them little good, he'd done no
harm at all.

In time they made a saint of him, and issued a
decree —
Since he had loved his ease so well, and been
so glad to see
The children frolic round him and to smile
upon their play —
That school boys for his sake should have a
weekly holiday.

They gave his name unto the day, that as the
years roll by
His memory might still be green; and that's
the reason why
We speak his name with gratitude, and oftener
by far
Than that of any other saint in all the cal-
endar.

Then, lads and lassies, great and small, give
ear to what I say —
Refrain from work on Saturdays as strictly as
you may;
So shall the saint your patron be and prosper
all you do —
And when examinations come he'll see you
safely through.



A CHINESE ARMY THAT CHEERED FOR YALE.

BY RALPH D. PAINE.

AFTER Peking had been captured by the allied armies, and peace restored to the battered and besieged legations, the city became a peaceful but monotonous residence for the foreign troops ordered to remain in exile through the following winter. As one of the war correspondents fated to share this long term of occupation, I made myself as comfortable as possible, and became a full-fledged housekeeper with a staff of six servants in a paper-walled mansion. The tangled streets and alleys around the house fairly overflowed with busy, chattering men and women by day and night, and there were so many small children playing under foot that they interfered with the streams of traffic.

There is freezing weather in North China through the winter months, and the houses are seldom heated, so that the children were kept warm by bundling them up in layers of little wadded blue coats, the colder the weather the more numerous the coats. Sometimes they were like little blue balls of cotton and fur, from which came piping shouts and laughter, no matter how much they were shoved and jostled out of the way. There was none of the "taciturn Chinese" of the travel-books in these streets, where noise reigned without cessation.

The children were quick to imitate the ways of the wonderful foreign soldiers, and their games in the streets soon took a military turn. The band of infant marauders who made their headquarters in front of my gateway organized an army of its own, with a tumult like a flock of sparrows. The first time I met this alarming company at drill, it seemed as if I had run into a microscopic Boxer outbreak. The ages of officers and privates averaged somewhat short of six years, all boys, for they had scorned to allow their little sisters to enlist. A row of shaved heads and sprouting pigtailed the size of a lead-pencil was bobbing excitedly at the roadside, and the blue cotton puff-balls were sufficiently

alike to make the army look as if it had been uniformed for the occasion.

Each pair of chubby brown fists grasped a bit of stick, and when I rode by, the soldiers presented arms as solemnly as if on dress-parade. I faced my horse about and saluted with the utmost gravity. The soldiers lost their dignity, and broke ranks with shouts of "Bean lao yet! Bean lao yet!" This was my name as turned into Chinese by my friends of the neighborhood, and signified plain "Mister" without any honorary titles.

The next time the army turned out for review, I was given warning; for when I reined my horse into the alley in which the troops maneuvered, scouts posted at strategic points ran away, shouting, "Bean lao yet!" The company toddled and tumbled out of side alleys and courtyards, and was lined up, "guns" in hand, when I passed, and the salute was returned with all the dignity I could summon. I had a pocket full of copper "cash," and scattered them on the heads of the troops. This act won instant promotion, for the greetings were changed into excited yells of "Bean da rin! Bean da rin!" I had become the "most honorable and exalted one," at a cost of three American cents.

For many weeks the infant troops of the alleys never failed to turn out and salute my passing. And when not on active service in the ranks, the officers and privates found joy in bothering the two Chinese policemen who shuffled wearily through the alley or leaned against walls, too lazy to keep in motion. The children were not afraid of the three-foot swords and the gongs, and jerked their pigtailed and ran away whenever the funny policemen were napping.

The army became useful to me, one day in January, because of an event which had nothing to do with soldiers or with China. A bundle of American papers nearly two months old brought the tidings that Yale had scored a

brilliant football victory over Harvard, with one of the finest elevens that ever fought for the blue. It was thrilling news to me, even though it was so long delayed, and as an old Yale University athlete I naturally wished to organize some sort of a celebration. But the task was a difficult one in Peking. I had run across two Yale men among the foreign armies of occupation, one a lieutenant of the Ninth Infantry of General Chaffee's column, the other a Japanese officer on the staff of General Yamaguchi. Their camps were five miles apart, but I ordered a pony saddled, and started out to find my comrades who had once lived beneath the New Haven elms.

Alas! after riding a dozen miles, I was unable to find either, and returned home disconsolate. It was a sad disappointment to have to celebrate such a victory in solitary fashion. As I turned into the alley that ran past my gateway, the ever-faithful infantile army rushed to parade and salute "Bean da rin." Here was my celebration, ready and waiting. I beckoned the troops into my courtyard, and they followed, trying not to show their alarm. It was a new experience in their military career, and they did not quite know what the friendly "foreign devil" was going to do with them. Three or four anxious mothers followed timidly,

but were reassured when one of my servants brought out a tray of American canned peaches and some cakes. The army shouted and saluted spasmodically. They had never dreamed of anything so wonderful in the commissary line as these canned peaches.

Then — and I confess it without shame — I used the best part of that afternoon in teaching those jolly puff-balls the nine 'rahs of the Yale cheer. They had no idea of what all the fuss was about, but it was only another crazy notion of the lunatic foreigner, whom nobody pretended to understand, anyhow. So they yelled until their wadded little selves fairly bounced off the pavement and their black eyes snapped with excitement.

A long session of coaching produced encouraging results, for when I gave the signal, a score of piping voices screamed with frantic enthusiasm:

"Lah, lah, lah! Lah, lah, lah! Lah, lah, lah! Ylale, Ylale, Ylale! — Bean da rin!"

The football victory ten thousand miles away was duly celebrated in this fashion, and orthodox Yale cheers were shouted for the first time within the walls of the "Chinese City" of Peking. But I wondered, now and then, what the army and its parents could have thought the mysterious ceremony was all about.



President Washington's Turkey Dinner.



By Anna Perier Rex.

GREAT was the excitement in the little village of Bedford, Pennsylvania, on October 19, 1794; for everybody knew that General Washington might be expected to arrive before night-fall, and would probably remain several days, planning the campaign against the moonshiners.

For these were the days of the Whisky Insurrection, when the illegal distillers in western Pennsylvania had become so numerous and so daring as to organize a large armed force, bidding defiance to the revenue officers and small bodies of troops sent out against them. Repeated warnings from the government had only stimulated them to a more determined resistance, until the lawlessness assumed such proportions that President Washington, then in his second term, called out the militia of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia to quell the insurgents.

Generals Morgan and South commanded the Virginia and Maryland troops, which constituted the "left wing," their rendezvous being at Cumberland; the New Jersey and Pennsylvania troops, commanded by Governors Mifflin and Howell, constituted the "right wing," with their rendezvous at Carlisle; and General Lee, commander-in-chief of the expedition, had his headquarters at Bedford. President Washington, accompanied by General Knox, Secretary

of War, and by General Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, with an appropriate escort, were then visiting the encampments in turn, traversing the great military road which had been built in 1758 through Pennsylvania to Fort Pitt.

The following extracts are from Washington's diary, written during his visit to Bedford, which, short as it was, enriched the annals of the little town with several interesting stories of his courtly courtesy:

BEDFORD, PA., October 19, 1794.

In company with General Lee, whom I requested to attend me, that all arrangements for the army's crossing the mountains in two columns might be made, and accompanied by the Adjutant General, we set out about 8 o'clock for Bedford from Cumberland and making one halt at the distance of 12 miles, reached it a little after 4 o'clock in the afternoon, being met a little out of the encampment by Governor Mifflin, Governor Howell, and several officers of distinction. Quarters were provided for me at the house of Mr. David Espy, Prothonotary of the County of Bedford, to which I was carried and lodged very comfortably.

MONDAY, October 20, 1794.

I called the Quarter-Master General, Adjutant General, Contractor and others of the Staff Department, and ordered the armies to be put in motion on the twenty-third, and having made every arrangement that occurred as necessary, I prepared for my return to Philadelphia in order to meet Congress and attend to the civil duties of my office.



"IN A TWINKLING MRS. McDERMETT WAS LEFT STARING AT AN EMPTY DISH." (SEE PAGE 135.)

No mention is here made by the general of the feast prepared for him and his staff on that eventful Monday; nor of the wonderful turkey, which, on its way to the table, assumed an animation as unexpected as that of the "four-and-twenty blackbirds," and fled away on foot. Yet this happened just as truly as any historical fact recorded of our famous first President.

flown straight to the hunter's lure! And nobly had the marksman met his enthusiastic desire to render up his life for Washington: no stray shot would be found among the tender meat to disconcert his Excellency. Could the turkey himself have selected the one in all that region best qualified to contribute to the glory of his taking-off, undoubtedly Mrs. McDermett would have



"ARISING FROM HIS PLACE, HE TOOK HER HAND AND GALLANTLY KISSED IT." (SEE PAGE 135.)

The stone dwelling on the corner of the village square in Bedford was then occupied by William McDermett, a Scotchman, and his English wife. He was the pioneer among steel manufacturers in this country, and his wife was a woman of birth, breeding, and quite unusual education, who had left wealth and ease to follow the fortunes of the man she loved. Very varied fortunes they were; but of all the strange tales of her experiences with which she delighted her children and grandchildren, the one oftenest demanded was this true story of President Washington's turkey. Such a turkey!—one that by good luck and good management had arrived at the very acme of perfection exactly at this most auspicious time. With what a mighty spread of pinions had he

been his choice. Therefore we may feel confident that, when General Washington and his staff sat down to dinner, it was with well justified complacency that their host prepared to carve the *pièce de résistance* when it should be placed before him.

Between the kitchen and the dining-room was a passage lighted by one window, about the height of a man's shoulder, and an alleyway ran along this side of the house. The window was open, and through it for hours had been wafted a mingling of delicious odors as the preparations for the dinner progressed.

Just at the moment when the hostess was carrying the turkey through this narrow passage, prepared to make a triumphal entry into the dining-room, a soldier's arm was thrust through

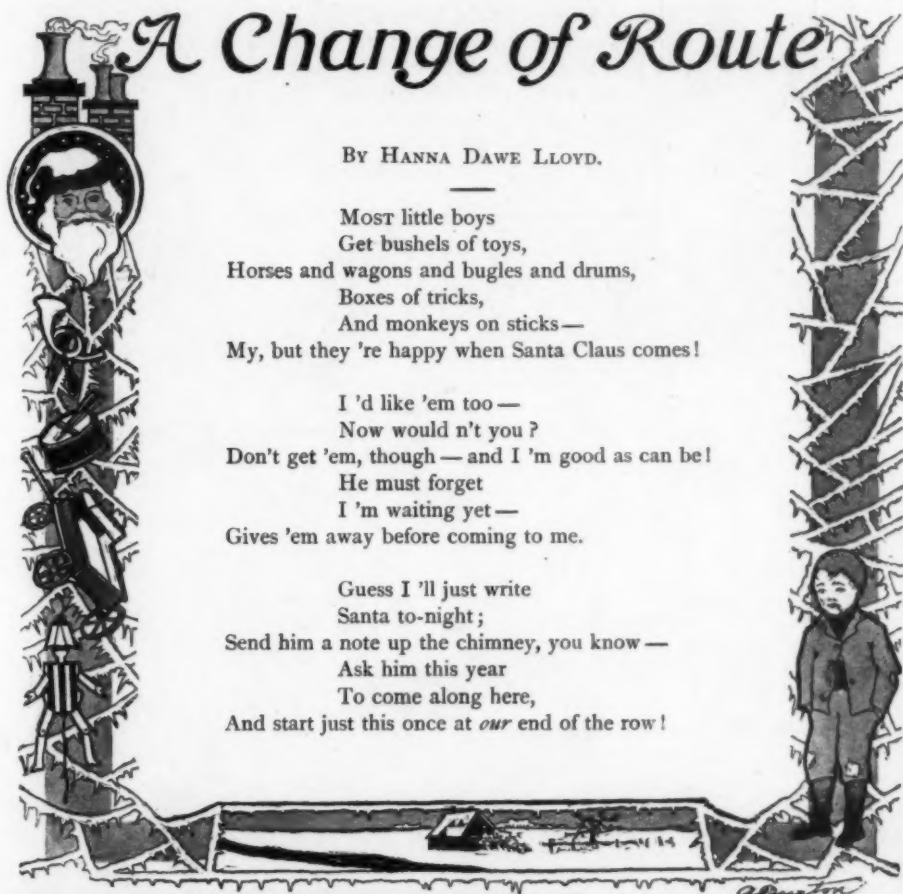
the window, a hand seized the bird by the legs, and in a twinkling Mrs. McDermett was left staring at an empty dish, while flying feet beat the road as the hungry thief made off with his prize.

Poor Mrs. McDermett, thus robbed of her turkey and her triumph at the very crowning moment of success, after a pause of helpless consternation, marched bravely forward to face her husband's chagrin, her guests' disappointment, and Washington's—ah! what would President Washington think or say?

Putting down the empty platter before the astounded host, amid the quizzical surprise of

the staff-officers, she told her story of the soldier-thief, and then, overcome with mortification, turned with a sob to apologize to Washington. Arising from his place, he took her hand and gallantly kissed it, saying: "Think no more of it, my dear madam," with a motion toward the well furnished table; "surely I can say with your countryman, Sir Philip Sidney, 'His need is greater than mine.'"

It is no wonder that in after years Mrs. McDermett avowed that to be thus consoled by General Washington was well worth all the chagrin and embarrassment that had been caused by the sudden loss of the turkey.



A Change of Route

BY HANNA DAWE LLOYD.

Most little boys
Get bushels of toys,
Horses and wagons and bugles and drums,
Boxes of tricks,
And monkeys on sticks—
My, but they 're happy when Santa Claus comes!

I 'd like 'em too —
Now would n't you ?
Don't get 'em, though — and I 'm good as can be!
He must forget
I 'm waiting yet —
Gives 'em away before coming to me.

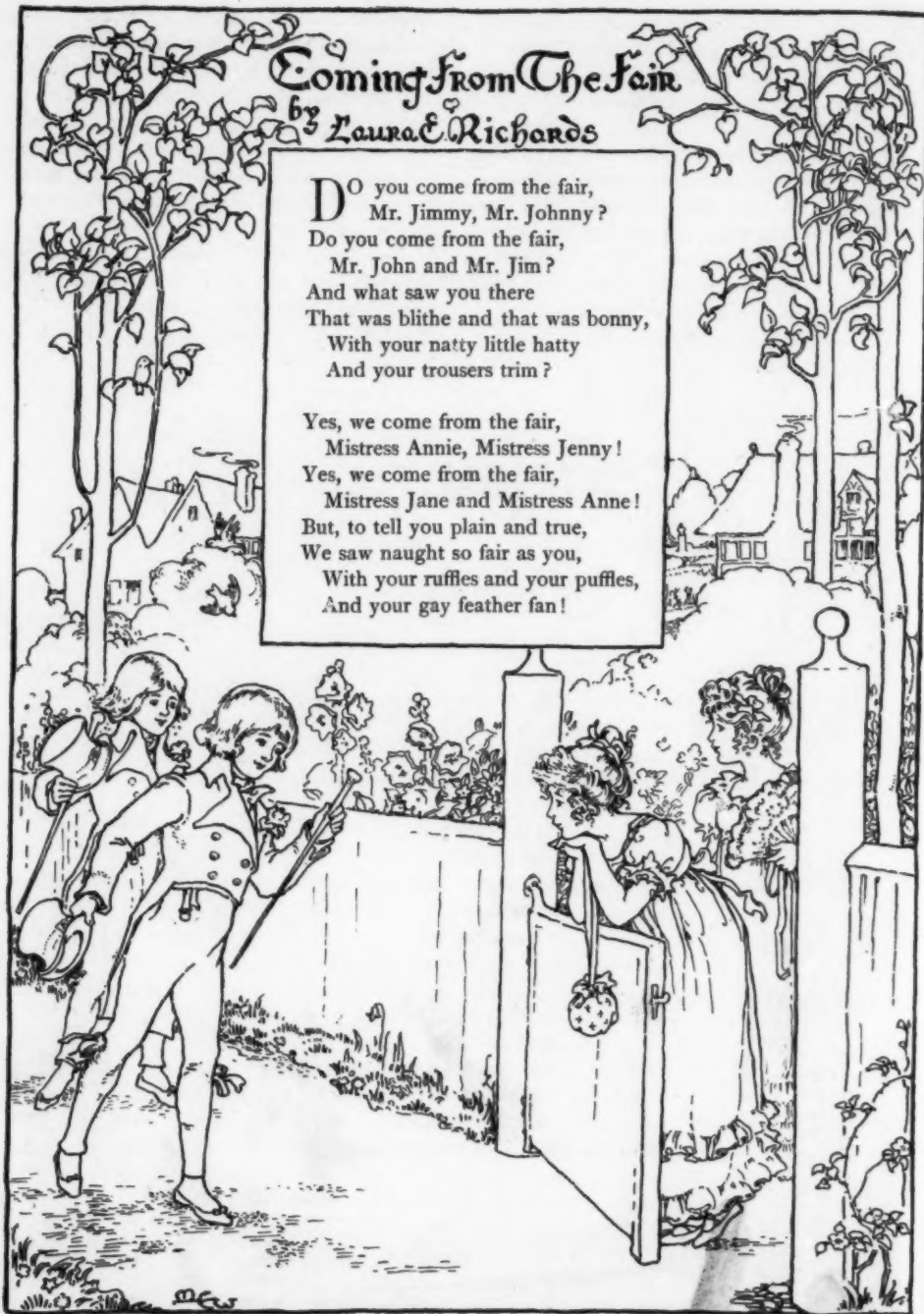
Guess I 'll just write
Santa to-night;
Send him a note up the chimney, you know —
Ask him this year
To come along here,
And start just this once at *our* end of the row!

Coming From The Fair

by Laura E. Richards

Do you come from the fair,
Mr. Jimmy, Mr. Johnny?
Do you come from the fair,
Mr. John and Mr. Jim?
And what saw you there
That was blithe and that was bonny,
With your natty little hatty
And your trousers trim?

Yes, we come from the fair,
Mistress Annie, Mistress Jenny!
Yes, we come from the fair,
Mistress Jane and Mistress Anne!
But, to tell you plain and true,
We saw naught so fair as you,
With your ruffles and your puffles,
And your gay feather fan!



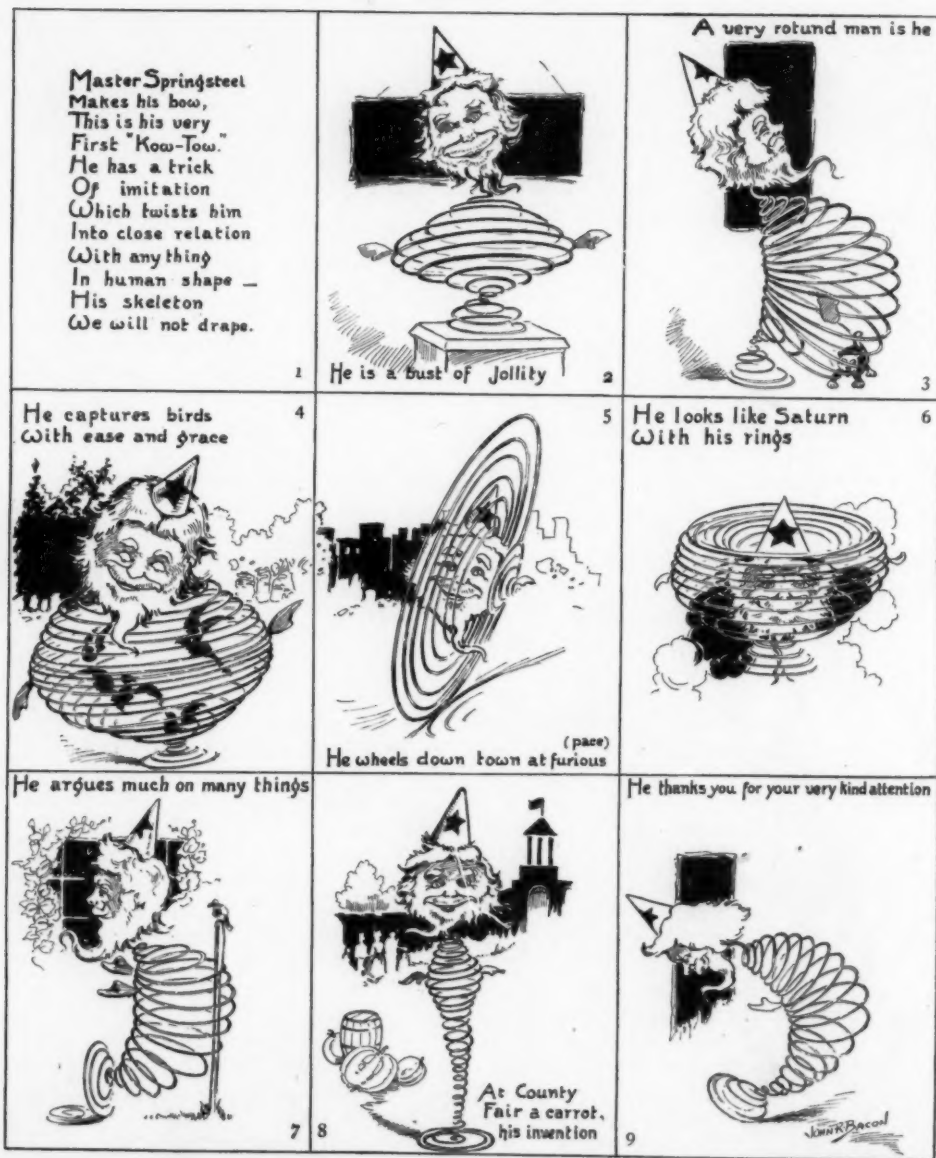
But what did you buy,
Mr. Jimmy, Mr. Johnny?
But what did you buy,
Mr. John and Mr. Jim?
Were there brooches to be bought?
Were there spangles to be sought?
(With your natty little hatty
And your trousers trim!)

Wedding-rings did we buy,
Mistress Annie, Mistress Jenny!
Wedding-rings did we buy,
Mistress Jane and Mistress Anne!
So if you will put them on,
To the church let us begone,
And we 'll join our hands together,
Little wife, little man!



MASTER SPRINGSTEEL.

By JOHN R. BACON.



A COMEDY IN WAX.

BY B. L. FARJEON.

CHAPTER V.

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

THEY were now standing before the scene of the arrest of Guy Fawkes, and, as before, Mme. Tussaud entered the tableau from behind, and touched the figure of the conspirator with her cane. Queen Mary, who was standing by Lucy's side, uttered a scream of terror as Guy Fawkes instantly began to struggle violently with the waxen effigies of the men who held him.

"The woman is a witch!" she cried. "See, see! Nay, but 't is a man after my own heart. How valiantly he resists the ruffians who hold him! Ah, me! I, too, have been a prisoner struggling for freedom. Bravely done! By my troth, he hath overcome them all!"

In fact, the wax figures were not capable of resistance, and Guy Fawkes had thrown them without difficulty, though he made huge parade of his prowess. Then, crying out, "Ha! there is yet time to fire the gunpowder!" he turned sharply, and perceiving Mme. Tussaud, burst suddenly into a hoarse chuckle.

"Guy!" exclaimed Mme. Tussaud, severely, "I am displeased with you. This is the third time you have behaved in this fashion when I touched you with my cane. When *will* you learn that these poor fellows are merely dummies? One of these days you will do them an injury, and put me to a great deal of unnecessary expense."

"Nay, Mistress Tussaud, you overblame me," protested Guy Fawkes, in a husky whisper. "Each time that I awake and find myself in the grasp of these minions, how can I but believe that I am once more trapped outside the Parliament House, as I was on the 4th of November in the year 1605?"

"I dare say," retorted Mme. Tussaud, dryly, "but, all the same, I warn you to take more care in future. You are a turbulent fellow, Guy."

"I am a soldier of fortune, mistress, pray remember that," said Guy Fawkes, "and who pays me best may command me."

"Nothing of the sort," said Mme. Tussaud. "Please to remember that you are *my* exclusive property. Now just set those men on their feet again, and come along."

Lucy could not help feeling a little alarmed when the notorious conspirator joined them, and she trembled as, at a sign from Mme. Tussaud, she offered him her bag of chocolate creams. The eyes of Guy Fawkes gleamed as he helped himself. He would have seized the bag had not Mme. Tussaud prevented him.

"Little mistress," he said to Lucy, in a mysterious whisper, "hast thou an enemy thou art anxious to get rid of? For yon parcel of confections I will dispose of him in such a fashion that he will never trouble thee again. Say but the word, and I am at thy service."

"No, thank you, sir," said Lucy, in a shaking voice, for she did not wish even Lorimer Grimwee such a fate as that, and she shrank toward Mme. Tussaud, who took her hand and, bidding the others follow, said, as they proceeded to the upper room:

"Don't be alarmed, Lucy. I have Guy well under control, and there is no gunpowder in the place."

"Why does he speak in whispers all the time?" asked Lucy. "Has he a cold?"

"No, my dear; he does it from habit. It is part of a conspirator's trade."

Meanwhile Mary Queen of Scots was looking at Guy Fawkes out of the corner of her eye, and presently she drew closer to him and said in a low voice:

"Is it true that thou art a conspirator?"

"That is my profession, madame," whispered Guy Fawkes; "and assuredly I behold in the illustrious Queen of Scots one who has herself been engaged in conspiracies?"

"Nay, 't is a base slander!" said Mary,

loudly, looking askance at Mme. Tussaud. "For I am innocent of those vile plots of which I have been falsely accused!" Then, with her finger at her lips, she leaned toward him and murmured, "Hist, good Master Fawkes! We will speak together anon."

Guy Fawkes nodded craftily and rubbed his hands with satisfaction.

By this time they had reached the Grand Saloon, and Mary shuddered when she saw the dread form of the Executioner. She clung to Lucy as if for protection, and muttered:

"I misdoubt me. Is this a snare?"

"Don't be frightened at him," said Lucy; "he will not hurt you. And oh, dear queen, do not disobey the kind old lady! Your fate is in her hands, and she is so good, so good!"

"By my faith, thy words are strange," said Mary, "but I will trust thee. If there is a plot against me I count upon thy aid. This is a wondrous hall, and though the light is dim, I am more content here than below. We had no such hall in Holyrood."

"Your Majesty will pledge me your royal word," said Mme. Tussaud, approaching Mary, "to remain on this spot till I give you permission to move from it."

"Nay, that I will not," said Mary. "It is for me to command."

"Not in this establishment," said Mme. Tussaud, in a determined tone. "If you decline to give the promise I shall convey you back to your scaffold."

Impressed by the stern voice, Mary turned irresolutely to Lucy, who nodded earnestly and said in a wistful tone:

"Yes, you must, you must indeed, Queen Mary! She has the kindest heart in the world, and has the power to do all she says."

"The kindest heart in the world!" muttered Mary, with a cross look. "No, no; she is a witch. We were wont to burn them at the stake, or give them trial by water. Natheless we feared them.—Mistress, I pledge my word."

CHAPTER VI.

ALL ALIVE! ALL ALIVE, O!

THEN Mme. Tussaud proceeded with her plan. With astonishing ease she removed the wrapper from Henry VIII, and touched him

on the breast. Mary uttered a little cry of wonder and admiration as, with a mighty shake of his broad shoulders, he stepped from out the royal group.

"Mme. La Tussaud," he said in a hearty voice, as if continuing a conversation, "we were about to say that if thou wert younger—*much* younger—we should consider whether we would make thee our seventh. Thou art, alas! too old—"

"And you too fickle, Henry," said Mme. Tussaud, the familiar manner in which she addressed him denoting that she was no more in awe of him than of Queen Mary.

Henry laughed heartily at the retort, and Lucy thought she had never heard a laugh so jovial. The joke seemed to tickle him immensely.

"T is agreed," he said. "We will not make a match of it. Gadzooks! A winsome little wench!" He chuckled Lucy under the chin, and stroked his yellow beard complacently, his face beaming with good nature.

"Offer his Majesty a chocolate cream, Lucy," said Mme. Tussaud.

"Chocolate creams!" he cried eagerly. "Num, num! Thou art a very fairy. Nay, sweet demoiselle, one will not suffice. We will take the whole bag."

"No more than three, Harry," said Mme. Tussaud, who saw that Lucy was wavering. "It is as many as we can spare."

She counted them out in his mailed hand, and he, turning, saw Mary Queen of Scots.

"Beshrew me!" he exclaimed. "Whom have we here? 'T is long since we beheld a face so fair."

"'T is my cousin Elizabeth's father," said Mary, under her breath. "I have seen his portrait, painted by that famous master, Hans Holbein the Younger. It is—it is the great Henry himself! He approaches—he comes nearer! Be still, my fluttering heart!"

"Let me introduce you," said Mme. Tussaud. "Henry VIII—Mary Queen of Scots." An elaborate obeisance and a still more elaborate bow followed the introduction. "You will no doubt enjoy each other's acquaintance. And I have a great holiday entertainment in store for your Majesties if you follow my wishes."

"Say you so? It likes us well," observed the monarch. "We trust the lovely Mary hath a part in thy project."

"I promise you that," said Mme. Tussaud. "Perhaps you will be kind enough to remain with the Queen of Scots while I proceed with my affairs?"

"We desire nothing better," said Henry, "than to remain by beauty's side."

"Oh, sire!" simpered Queen Mary.

Mme. Tussaud beckoned to Lucy, and said confidentially as they walked away from the pair:

"Henry and I are very good friends, and so are most of the others we shall take with us to Marybud Lodge. I have occasionally to be rather severe, but I think I may say that I have established my authority over them—yes, even over Queen Elizabeth and Richard III. Queen Bess was most difficult to deal with, but I succeeded in managing her in the end. Here she is. If we find her a little stiff and proud at first, we must not forget that she was a great queen, and used to the habit of command."

Lucy could scarcely keep herself still as the magic cane touched the royal shoulder. Queen Elizabeth raised her head and gazed imperiously at Mme. Tussaud, but she did not otherwise move.

"If your Majesty pleases," said Mme. Tussaud, "we must not keep the company waiting."

"T is well," said Queen Elizabeth. "We take thy word for it. Look to it that thou dost not deceive us."

And then the great queen stepped majestically out of the royal circle in which she was, perhaps, the most illustrious figure. Lucy gazed upon her with awe, and it was only at the instigation of Mme. Tussaud that she timorously held out her bag of chocolate creams, and even then she drew back in fear, dreading that the act might be resented as an unwarrantable familiarity.

"Don't be shy, Lucy," said Mme. Tussaud.

Thus encouraged, Lucy, with a curtsy, offered half a dozen chocolate creams to Queen Elizabeth, who graciously accepted the gift. It was evident, however, from her manner that she did not approve of Henry VIII's attentions to Mary Queen of Scots.

"Our royal father," she observed, as she glanced at the pair, "should set a better example."

"Nay, Bess, do not frown," said Henry, in a jolly voice. "If our devotion to the fair offend thee, observe it not."

He turned again to Mary, whose laughter the next moment rang through the hall.

"Ah, here is Mme. Sainte Amaranthe," said Mme. Tussaud. "Good evening, Julie." She had touched the Sleeping Beauty with her magic cane.

"Good evening, madame," said the young beauty, languidly raising herself from her couch. "Have I overslept myself? I am somewhat fatigued after the impromptu ball at which you kindly presided last night."

"You should not be, Julie," said Mme. Tussaud, "for you sat out three successive dances with George Washington. I heard Anne of Cleves and Catherine Howard making remarks about it."

"Oh, I don't mind what people say," returned Mme. Sainte Amaranthe, shrugging her shoulders. "Washington's manners were most fascinating, and I had become mortally tired after the pedantic conversation of Geoffrey Chaucer and John Knox."

"Really?" said Mme. Tussaud, laughing. "But come, come! We are lingering too long. I want to introduce you to one of our great English monarchs, an ardent admirer of female beauty."

The young lady sprang to her feet with more vivacity than she had yet displayed, exclaiming, "And I have not made my toilette!" She began hurriedly to arrange her veil, her laces, and the long diamond chain which encircled her lovely neck.

"You will do very well as you are," said Mme. Tussaud. Your Majesty,"—they had now reached the royal group,—“allow me to introduce a friend of mine, Julie Sainte Amaranthe. We were girls together."

"Impossible, madame," said Henry VIII, gazing admiringly at the young beauty, and then with twinkling eyes at the Little Old Woman in Black. "By my halidom! thou takest our credulity too far!" And with an air of great gallantry, he kissed the hand of the French lady, and paid her many pretty compliments.

"I love to listen to him," said Lucy to Mme. Tussaud, as they walked away. "Don't you think it is much prettier than the way we speak now?"

"It has its attractions," replied Mme. Tussaud, "and certainly the slang of the modern day is to be deplored. And bad habits are so catching. Even I find myself occasionally betrayed into using language that I should have blushed to use thirty or forty years ago. I am afraid we are less dignified and courteous than we used to be."

Having reached the group in which Houguua, the great tea-merchant, was placed, she touched him with her magic cane, and he immediately took from the folds of his thickly wadded dark blue robe a fan, with which he began to fan himself. Then he spoke:

"Put not thlee, four, five lumps of sugar in your tea. No can do so many lumps. Spoilee flaglance of the golden leaf." His eyes rested upon Lucy, who held out two chocolate creams, which instantly disappeared, as if by magic, up his sleeve. "Pletty child!" he said. "Bime-by glow up a beautiful lady with tiny feet."

"There's a compliment for you, Lucy," said Mme. Tussaud, and leading her to other parts of the show, introduced her in turn to Richards I and III, Cromwell, Loushkin the Russian giant, nearly nine feet high, Tom Thumb the American dwarf, and Charles II, to each of whom Lucy offered a couple of chocolate creams, Cromwell being the only one who declined to accept them. The disdain with which he surveyed the royal personages was not less marked than the displeasure which his appearance created. The only celebrity he regarded with any favor was the giant Loushkin.

"Give me a company of such men," he had the audacity to declare, "and I would sweep royalty from the face of the earth."

Charles II stepped forward and looked daggers at the Protector.

"Ha!" said Cromwell. "An I had laid hands on thee I would have served thee as I served thy father. The good work I did lives after me. Yea, verily!"

"Wretch!" cried Mary Queen of Scots.

"Peace!" roared Cromwell, turning to Mary. "Thou saucy malapert!"

"I take this quarrel on myself," said Richard Cœur de Lion, darting forward. "Dash it—that is, 'sdeath! I cannot get my glove off!"

"Here 's a good blade for who will pay for it," hissed Guy Fawkes, his hand on his sword.

"Oh, there 's going to be a fight," cried Mary, dancing up and down in glee; "there 's going to be a fight—and all about me!"

"Affected creature!" murmured Mme. Sainte Amaranthe.

"Hooray for Guy Fawkes!" said General Tom Thumb. "Hello, Cromwell, how are you?"

"Out of my sight, manikin!" thundered Cromwell, and gave a start of agony, for Tom Thumb had run a pin into his leg.

"Stop—stop—stop!" cried Mme. Tussaud, pushing her way to the center of the group. "Another quarrelsome word, and I— Would you make me ashamed of my celebrities? It is perfectly scandalous that famous personages should behave so. And how is it possible for me to carry out my plans for the holiday excursion I am going to give you—"

"A holiday excursion!" they all cried, as though with one tongue.

"Yes. I want to take you all into the country for a few days—"

"Oh, you dear creature!" exclaimed Mary.

"A *fête champêtre*!" cried Mme. Sainte Amaranthe, delightedly.

"—to rescue a fair damsel in distress."

"By my troth!" exclaimed Henry VIII, "this is something after my own heart."

"But how can it be done if you continue to wrangle? It is perhaps too much to expect you all to shake hands with one another, but you can at least keep the peace and pretend to be friends."

"Oh, yes," said Mary, ecstatically; "let 's pretend. Oliver Cromwell, I apologize."

"Bosh! and in pretense so do I," said the Protector.

"In that case, colonel," said Tom Thumb, addressing Cromwell, "I will take the pin out of your leg." And he did so.

"Pretend in earnest, you know," said Mme. Tussaud. "Is harmony restored? Are you all friends?"

"We are—we are," they all replied, one and

all earnestly pretending, in order not to offend Mme. Tussaud, and thus endanger their chances of joining in the holiday excursion.

CHAPTER VII.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND TOM THUMB FALL TO QUOTING SHAKSPERE.

THEN Mme. Tussaud, rapping her cane smartly on the floor to obtain silence, explained to her celebrities the purpose of the expedition they were about to undertake, and impressed upon them the necessity of obedience to her commands.

"I have made my plans, and I do not intend that they shall be upset," she said, in a tone of stern authority, "so let us have no nonsense. To show you that I know how to deal with rebellion, I may as well respectfully inform you, celebrities, that I take my executioner with me, and have entered into a contract with him at so much per head."

She pointed to the grim figure with the black mask on his face and his sharp ax ready. Some of the celebrities looked rather glum, but there was no mistaking the effect produced by this announcement. Even Richard III and Guy Fawkes entered no protest, and Queen Elizabeth was so elated at the prospect of an open-air holiday that she bestowed a gracious smile on Lucy.

"We must prepare to start," said Mme. Tussaud. "There is yet much to do before we leave, for the interests of my show must not be neglected. I expect there will be such a rush for admission to-morrow that the money-boxes will overflow with shillings."

"What, with us, the principal attractions, out of it?" cried Mary. She really meant, "with ME, the principal attraction, out of it," but, vain as she was, she hardly liked to go as far as that.

"Yes," answered Mme. Tussaud, "with you, the principal attractions, out of it. In the way of record attendances, bank-holidays will pale their ineffectual fires —"

"An incorrect quotation!" interrupted Queen Elizabeth, with astonishing vivacity. "In the singular, not the plural — fire, not fires. And *un*effectual, not *ine*ffectual.

'The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.'

It vexes us to the soul when our divine William is misquoted."

"Hooray for you, Queen Elizabeth!" said Tom Thumb. "In the names of Edwin Forrest and Edwin Booth, the American Eagle thanks the good Queen Bess; the Stars and Stripes salute her.

'Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully:
God and St. George! Richmond and victory!'

Begging your pardon, boss," continued the tiny man, seeing a scowl on the face of Richard III, "for throwing Richmond in your teeth; but history's history, and I don't want a better historian than the Swan of Avon. He's good enough for yours truly — yes, *sir*!"

"Varlet!" muttered Richard, "an I had thee in the Tower —" But the conclusion of the threat was not audible, and as much of it as Tom Thumb heard had little effect upon him, his little fat cheeks smiled so amiably.

"We accept thy homage, Tom of the Thumb," said Queen Elizabeth, "and if our royal cousin is displeased, we will say instead, quoting from our favorite poet, and venturing to alter two words in the original,

'Sound, drums and trumpets, and to Barnet all;
And more such nights as these to us befall.'

"Good! good!" said Tom Thumb, with nods of approval. "Queen Elizabeth, you're a daisy!"

"Hush, Tom! Now is every one ready?" asked Mme. Tussaud.

"As ready as a borrower's cap," said Tom Thumb, answering for all, and quoting from Shakspeare again.

"Thou hast not many inches," said Queen Elizabeth, smiling sweetly on him, "but thou art 'a marvelous proper man.' Where didst thou learn to become so familiar with the writings of our great Shakspeare?"

"The free and enlightened citizens of the U-nited States are chock-full of him, queen," replied Tom.

"Softly!" said Mme. Tussaud. "No more talking. Follow me."

With footsteps as noiseless as those of a

company of cats, they stole out of the hall, and were presently in the open air, crouching in silence within the rails, in obedience to the commands of the mistress of the show.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN IN BLACK FILLS THE VACANT PLACES.

THE night was dark: there were no stars or moon visible; and it being now one o'clock in the morning, Marylebone Road was almost deserted.

"You have seen many strange things, Lucy," said Mme. Tussaud, in a low tone, "and have behaved bravely. You will see still stranger things before we start for Marybud Lodge; but no one will be hurt, and, whatever happens, you must not scream."

"I will not, ma'am," said Lucy. "It has all been very, very wonderful, but I am not the least bit frightened."

"You are a dear little heroine," said Mme. Tussaud, with a bright smile. "What I have to do now is to find my way to the Finchley Road, for the London streets are changed since I was last in them. Then it is straight on to Barnet, is it not?"

"Almost straight. As we go along I think I can show you."

"Very good, then. Celebrities, keep perfectly still, and do not open your lips unless I speak to you. Hush! A policeman!"

With measured steps the guardian of the night approached the gates of the exhibition. He paused, shook them to see that they were fast, and passed leisurely on.

"Safe!" sighed Mary Queen of Scots, who had been terrified by the approach of the man.

"Not a word, not a word," whispered Mme. Tussaud, "and do not stir."

She glided swiftly out into the street, and hailed the officer.

"Policeman!" she cried.

He stopped and faced her, but in the darkness could only see before him the figure of a little old woman.

"Can you tell me the way to the Finchley Road?" asked Mme. Tussaud.

"Take the second turning to the right," the

policeman answered, "into Baker Street, walk straight on, and ask again."

"I don't wish to ask again. Am I sure to come to it if I walk straight on?"

"Yes, if you can *keep* straight. When you come to the park gates, keep to the left, and you'll come to Wellington Road, and that'll lead you into Finchley Road." At this point the policeman's mind became suddenly illuminated with suspicion. "But here, I say—what brings you out at this time of night, and where did you spring from? I did n't see you as I came along. Did you come up through the pavement? And what's that you are holding behind your back? None of your tricks with me—let's have a look at it. Sharp, now!"

"It is only a cane," said Mme. Tussaud, producing it.

"Only a cane, eh? Where did you get it?" He pulled out his bull's-eye lantern and flashed it upon her face. And that was all he did, for Mme. Tussaud had touched him with her magic cane. Immovable he stood, without sense or feeling, holding his lantern in his outstretched hand.

"One!" said Mme. Tussaud, under her breath, and also stood quite still, for she heard a voice in the rear singing softly:

"I've got a pal,
A reg'lar out-an'-outer;
She's a dear good gal—
I'll tell yer all about 'er.
It's many years since fust we met—"

The singer, a jovial young costermonger returning home after a jolly evening spent with friends, stopped short and cried:

"'Allo! Ho, I say! 'Ere's a lark! Wot's the row, bobby?"

It was not destined that he should be informed. The magic cane had touched him, and he stood stock-still, with a vacant smile on his face.

"Two!" said Mme. Tussaud, hurrying back to her celebrities. "I need recruits, stalwart men, resolute and stout," she said hurriedly. Tom Thumb darted forward. "Not you, Tom; you could not perform the work. Cromwell for one; and, Loushkin, you come, too."



"'A WINSOME LITTLE WENCH!' SAID HENRY VIII, AS HE CHUCKED LUCY UNDER THE CHIN."

The giant and Cromwell followed Mme. Tussaud immediately, and, in obedience to her instructions, carried the inanimate forms of the policeman and the young man of the period into the building, she showing the way with the policeman's bull's-eye lantern, of which she had taken possession. Then she passed out of the gates again, taking her recruits with her. She kept them busy, for every minute or two they came back, bearing the forms of various human beings who had been deprived of sense and motion by the touch of the magic cane. Altogether thirteen substitutes were collected, and, under Mme. Tussaud's direction, were carried into the show and placed where the celebrities she had revived had previously sat or stood. When they were covered with the calico shrouds which had enveloped the abstracted celebrities, the hall presented precisely the same appearance as when the attendants had closed the exhibition for the night. There was, however, one exception. The place which had been occupied by Mme. Tussaud was not filled. At a casual glance this was not apparent, for she so arranged the cloth in which she had been unwrapped that it looked as if she were still within its folds.

Once during these comings and goings she noticed that Lucy's face was very white and that the little girl was trembling. She put her arm around Lucy's neck and kissed her, and whispered:

"There is no harm done, my dear. I have only sent them to sleep, as I did my night watchmen, and when I wake them up they will be as well as ever."

The last thing to do inside the building was to restore the night watchmen to their senses. This done, they resumed their march through the rooms in the most natural manner possible, without any suspicion that there had been any break in the performance of their duties; and when they cast their eyes around upon the muffled figures, they were quite satisfied that everything was as they had left it.

While attending to these various matters Mme. Tussaud had displayed the most astonishing activity and vivacity, and every time she passed in and out of the building, she addressed a few pleasant words to this celebrity, or a few

warning words to that, and succeeded in keeping up their spirits as effectually as she kept up her own.

"And now," she said in the end, addressing them collectively, "everything is ready for the start to Marybud Lodge."

"But how do we go?" asked Lucy. "What will the policemen say when they see us marching through the streets? And it is such a long distance!"

"Oh, if it is far we can never walk," cried the ladies. "Look at our thin shoes!"

"We shall ride," said Mme. Tussaud, smiling. "Loushkin will drive us. You, Lucy, will sit by his side and direct him, and I will sit next to you."

"Ride!" exclaimed Lucy. "In what? Oh, I know!" And all her pulses throbbed with delight. "You have found some large pumpkins."

"Come and see."

Her celebrities accompanied her to the outside pavement, and there in the road was a large, red, covered parcels-post van, with two stout horses standing perfectly still.

"This conveyance was coming along, and I annexed it," said Mme. Tussaud. "The man who drove it is now in my show. I judge from his uniform that he belongs to the government, and I will see that it is safely restored. It was necessary to annex the van, for I could not suffer my celebrities to walk eight or ten miles at this time of night — no, indeed!"

"Certainly not, certainly not," was the general acquiescence.

"Come, get in, all of you. You'll find it warm and comfortable inside."

"Take your places," shouted Tom Thumb.

"Step up on the box, Loushkin, and take the reins. Oliver Cromwell, oblige me by lifting our little heroine up. Thank you. If I ever hear any one accusing you of a want of politeness, I will set them right. Get inside, please."

"All aboard!" cried Tom Thumb. "There are no more passengers, marm. We've got the lot. I've checked 'em all off."

"Smart little man," said Mme. Tussaud.

She shut the door upon him and the others, locked it, pocketed the key, and nimbly mounted the box. Then she touched the horses with

her magic cane, and they instantly whisked their tails and moved briskly up the street.

"Just show them the whip, Loushkin. Are you comfortable, Lucy?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then off we go," said the Little Old Woman.

And away they rattled in the direction of Barnet.

As they wended their way northward there were still fewer persons abroad than in the neighborhood of Marylebone Road, and, so far as the occupants of the box-seat could judge, they were not observed. In daylight it would, of course, have been otherwise. The appearance of a giant nearly nine feet in height, in the military uniform of a drum-major of the Imperial Preobrazhensky Regiment of the Russian Guards, driving a post-office mail-cart, would certainly have attracted attention; but on this night only one man, a policeman who was turning out of Park Road, stopped to look after the vehicle. He was not in doubt about the conveyance or the horses, but about the Being on the box.

"Was it a image?" he asked himself, and paused till the cart was out of sight. He lifted his eyes to the tops of the trees, and for the first time in his life noticed how much higher they seemed to be by night than by day. "That is it," he soliloquized; "it was the tree-tops that made him look so tall. He might have been a shadder."

So the conveyance passed along unimpeded. Along the Wellington Road into Finchley Road, past the Swiss Cottage and the nice new shops with which the Parade beyond is lined, past the pretty villas which were being built all the way to Finchley, the horses trotted merrily, as though they were aware of the distinguished company they were carrying and were proud of their burden. Lucy's sharp eyes were on the lookout for familiar landmarks, and it was under her guidance that the journey was made. Strange to say, she did not feel tired or sleepy. The exciting events of the day and night had dispelled all sensations of fatigue, and she was as bright at two o'clock in the morning, sitting on the box between Loushkin and Mme. Tussaud, as if it were yet day. Odd as were the circumstances in which she found herself placed, she was very happy in the prospect held out by

Mme. Tussaud, and she kept whispering to herself: "It's all for dear Lydia's sake—all for my dear, darling sister."

Merrily rang the clatter of the hoofs on the road, and the horses champed their bits and shook their heads as if they were enjoying it; but they were not sorry when Loushkin pulled up to give them a drink from a water-trough by the roadside; and while they slaked their thirst, Mme. Tussaud got nimbly down from the box to see how her celebrities were getting along. Henry VIII was listening with great attention to a conversation between Mary Queen of Scots and Mme. Sainte Amaranthe upon the fashions of ladies' dress and what styles were most becoming to fair and dark complexions. Richard III's eyes were half closed, but he was only pretending to be asleep, and his brain was really teeming with plots; occasionally he muttered a few words to Guy Fawkes, who received his remarks with an air of mingled bravado and mystery, while Charles II was regarding them with an air of haughty disapproval. Cromwell and Richard I were discussing military affairs. Queen Elizabeth and Tom Thumb were quoting from Shakspeare with great animation. Houguia was smiling blandly upon one and all; and the executioner sat bolt upright, his eyes glaring frightfully through his mask.

"How are you getting along, good people?" asked Mme. Tussaud, letting the light of the bull's-eye lamp travel from one to another.

"Bully!" said Tom Thumb, briskly. "If you find it cold outside, there's plenty of room for you and the little girl in here."

"We are quite comfortable on the box-seat, thank you, Tom. I trust your Majesty does not feel wearied."

"We are well bestowed," said Queen Elizabeth, with a gracious inclination of her head. "Thou hast given us an agreeable henchman. Raleigh himself was not a more accomplished courtier, and knew less of Sweet Will than Tom of the Thumb." She turned to the little man. "Who spake those words of our poet, Tom of the Thumb, which but now thou wast repeating?"

"They were from Suffolk's lines," answered Tom Thumb, "when he was playing false to Henry VI, in his interview with Lady Margaret. Don't you remember?"



"'THOU HAST NOT MANY INCHES,' SAID QUEEN ELIZABETH, 'BUT THOU ART
"A MARVELOUS PROPER MAN."'"

"Ha! those knavish ambassadors!" exclaimed Queen Elizabeth. "We have had experience of them. We recall the lines—they are in our poet's play of 'Henry VI.' But thy memory is prodigious, gallant Tom of the Thumb; marvelous is thy erudition. Fain would our eyes rest upon the wonderful country in which thou wert born and educated."

"In education it takes the cake, queen," said Tom Thumb, "and a visit from you would set all the bells ringing from Maine to California. You are as greatly honored there as in the cities and green lanes of England."

"From our green lanes, sweet and fragrant as they will ever be, we send it greeting. We recollect our sea-dog Sir Francis Drake, when we visited him upon his ship, the 'Golden Hind,' speaking in glowing terms of those wondrous western shores, upon some spot of which he unfurled our flag, calling the land New Albion. But let us not desert the pages of our Swan of Avon. Proceed with thy illustration."

Before the end of this dialogue, Mme. Tussard having remounted to the box-seat, the journey was resumed. The nearer they approached Barnet, the surer was Lucy of the road, and after a merry canter of three or four miles she cried excitedly:

"We shall be there very soon now. Oh, what will Lydia say when she sees us—and what will papa think? Mr. Loushkin, please take the road to the left. There—there is Marybud Lodge right before us. Stop, coachman, stop!"

The van was pulled up within half a dozen yards of a stone wall, about eight feet high, with a wooden door built in it. By the side of the door hung a rusty iron chain, and on it was a great iron knocker. There appeared to be no other means of entrance than this door.

Mme. Tussard alighted from the box-seat so quickly that she seemed to fly off it, and assisted Lucy down. Then she unlocked the door of the van and let out her celebrities, who stepped

to the ground with expressions of satisfaction at having reached their journey's end.

"Where dwells the fair Lydia?" said Henry VIII, in a loud, commanding voice. "We see no house. A murrain on the knaves! Is this the manner in which we are received? In silence? No welcome proffered? By my troth! an the entertainment within be not better than the entertainment without, there will be work for the headsman. 'T is well he accompanied us, Mme. La Tussard."

"Let us talk sense, Henry," was the answer he received.

"Sense!" he roared. "Do we not talk sense? We are starving. An thou wilt proffer us a flagon and a pasty we will talk sense enow. What ho, within there! What ho! Is there no horn at the gate to summon the knaves?" He was about to hammer on the door when Mme. Tussard seized his arm.

"For shame, Harry, for shame! You will arouse the enemy and frustrate the plans I have so carefully prepared." She stamped her foot.

"Understand me, Harry; I will not have it!"

"What is it, then, thou 'lt have, if thou 'lt not have that?" he demanded.

"Your counsel and advice, Hal, which you cannot give if you work yourself into a passion. Come, now, be sensible."

"As thou wilt," he said in a milder tone. "We were ever the slave of thy fickle sex. And what is 't that 's a-foot now?"

"We have to decide how to get into Marybud Lodge," said Mme. Tussard. "Lucy, is this the front entrance?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Is there no other?"

"There is the servants' door at the back."

"Does this stone wall stretch right round the Lodge?"

"Yes, ma'am, right round."

Mme. Tussard was not sorry to hear it. It insured privacy; prying neighbors could not watch and take note of their movements.

"Let us reconnoiter," she said softly.

(To be continued.)

THE BABY'S ADVENTUROUS DAY—AND MINE!

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.

THE family were enjoying an attack of tonsillitis. I think there were one hundred and fifty cases distributed throughout the hotel in which we were spending the summer, but we got more than our share of the disease, for the baby's mother, his two sisters, his big brother, and, most unfortunate of all, even his nurse had it. And they all had it practically at the same time, too.

He and I escaped; but I had *him*, and I don't know which was the more trying. At present I think the baby was—but then, I have never had the tonsillitis. I am his father. I did n't have a happy time during that epidemic, for so many people were ill in the hotel at the same time that there was no way of getting a trained nurse for my family, and I had to attend to them and to the baby also. We turned our apartments into an infirmary, with the exception of one room, in which the baby had to stay. He was n't a little baby; in fact, he was two and a half years old, solid and substantial for his age, and, though I do say it myself, he was an unusually active and intelligent child—how active I never quite realized before.

However, as it turned out, the first day of the tonsillitis visitation he had sprained his leg, or hurt it in some way, and was unable to walk. He had to be carried everywhere. In passing, for a month after this, whenever he got lazy and wanted to be "cawied," his thoughts would recur to the halcyon sprained-leg days when I was his porter, and the leg would suddenly pain him again! Well, at the time I thought this enforced "immobility" was a terrible hardship,—for me,—for he was a stout, well-built, heavy youngster, and it was quite a job to "tote" him around all day long except at my hourly visits to the sick members of the household for the purpose of administering nauseous medicine; but it had its advantages, as I afterward learned, for when he was put down anywhere he "stayed

put." He was very careful of that game leg of his; consequently I was entirely safe in leaving him. The next day it was better at intervals,—the leg, I mean, and so were the other patients,—but he still required a deal of carrying; and as he gained more freedom of motion, he did manage to get into some mischief. He was not up to his capacity, however. The third day he was well. The tonsillitis invalids were also able to take their own medicine without my help. As I had been kept in the house with that baby for two days, I thought it advisable for his health and my own comfort to get outdoors.

The hotel fronted on a beautiful little lake. At the foot of the bluff upon which it stood was a boat-house. Like all Adirondack boat-houses, a sloping platform ran from the boat-racks into and under the water. You put your boat on the platform, shove it off yourself, and spring in as it glides away, or you get in first and some one else does the shoving for you. The baby wanted to go fishing. He was n't an expert angler, never having caught anything, although he fished patiently with a pin hook and twine from the end of a switch.

His leg had become well with astonishing suddenness, and as he frisked down the path, clinging to my hand, he seemed as active as ever. I had dressed him—painfully, it must be admitted, being unused to a task of that kind—in his best suit of clothes. I put on this suit partly because it happened to be the first one in the bureau-drawer. I got the boat out with the assistance of the boatman, and was preparing to enter it, when the baby dropped a ball he was carrying. It rolled down the platform and slipped into the water. He darted after it. Somebody screamed as they saw him plunge forward. I looked up, made a step forward, and clutched him.

You can't imagine how slippery that platform was under water. I never dreamed that anything made of wood could be so sleek. I

lifted up the baby and made a frantic effort to keep my balance. In vain! Out went my feet, and down we both went sprawling. It seemed to me we did n't stop until we had shot twenty feet out into the lake. I kept tight hold of the baby, who was now yelling at the top of his voice. He kept up his screaming until he was soused under. Fortunately I am an expert swimmer, and I easily lifted him out of the

in the hotel was there. As we climbed out they roared, too—but with laughter. I could not see anything funny then. I shook the baby, I'll admit, but—merely to shake the water out of him, or off of him, of course.

"What are you crying about?" I asked desperately.

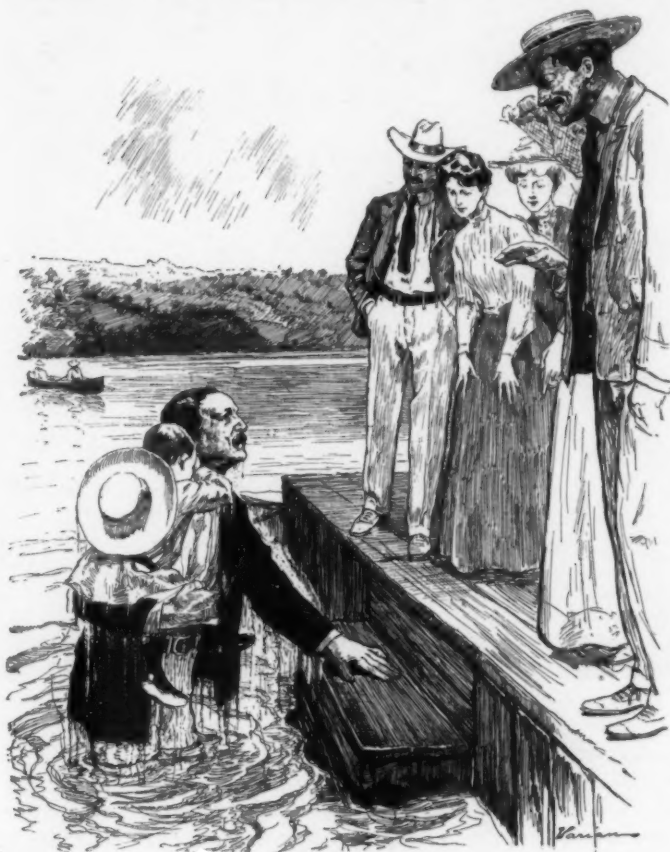
The cause of his weeping is clear to me now, but at the time it was inexplicable.

"What do you want?" I continued, as there was no abatement of his cries.

"I duss want to be excrugged for fallin' in de water," he sobbed out at last.

I had to "excruge" him right then and there before he stopped screaming. Wet and bedraggled, we trailed across the road and up to our apartments. We had to change every stitch we had on. Having recovered from this impromptu bath, we started out on our original expedition, our first failure only making the baby more determined.

This time we entered the boat without any mishap. I rowed out into the lake, and the youngster cast his line and began. I had a book, the day was pleasant, and I sat reading, glancing at him occasionally to see that he did n't get into mis-



"I LIFTED HIM OUT OF THE WATER AND SWAM AROUND TO THE LANDING-PLACE."

water—at least his head—and swam around to the landing-place and scrambled ashore.

Then he began roaring again. He was n't the only one who roared either, for the boat-house was filled with people. It was usually empty at that hour of the morning, but on this particular day it seemed to me that everybody

chief. He was quite content to fish there for hours without any result. He had the true spirit of Izaak Walton in him, I think, and when he was fishing was the only time in his life that he remained still and kept quiet, so I encouraged the pastime. The boat drifted slowly along, the absorbed angler watching his

hook. Suddenly I heard an excited scream from the stern-sheets. The small boy had risen and was dancing frantically up and down on the seat, holding his fishing-pole with both hands, yelling, "I dot a fis'! I dot a fis'!"

It was somewhat of a problem whether he had "dot a fis'" or the "fis'" had "dot" him; but before I could take in the fact that the line was

boat, tossed him upon the bottom of it, and then started to push the boat to the shore. The baby never let go of his prize, but kept on exclaiming: "I dot a fis'!"

Meanwhile some one from the shore rowed out and towed us in. We furnished a deal of amusement for the hotel that day. People apparently expected something to happen to us;



"THE BABY NEVER LET GO OF HIS PRIZE, BUT KEPT ON EXCLAIMING: 'I DOT A FIS'!'"

taut as a wire and the young angler was holding on desperately, he pitched wildly overboard. I made a hasty move to save him, and, by ill luck, overturned the cranky boat. I caught him by the leg just as he went down again, fearing lest the fish, which seemed as strong as a whale, might tow him across the lake.

As I said before, I was a good swimmer, even with my clothes on. This was the second time that day I had a chance to display my prowess in the water. The baby did n't cry this time. The true spirit of the sportsman was in him. He just shut his little teeth and hung on to that rod with two chubby little fists. I swam to the

for a larger crowd than before was at the boat-house as we landed. My thoughts were too deep for utterance, and all the baby did was to hold up his pole proudly and draw attention to the fish dangling from the end of it. That fish was about three inches long.

"I taught him; I taught dat fis'!" he said to the assemblage, his voice shrill with excitement. "I duss hooked him, an' I did n't let go, and my papa holded me up."

It was an effective speech, if I may judge by the results. I have thought since that he would make a capital comedian, if the chief function of a comedian is to make people laugh.

Well, we made another trip to our apartments and changed our clothes a second time. It was Monday, and two weeks' laundry had just gone. Our stock of clothes, therefore, was running rather low. I think my son seemed to have the faculty of getting more rumpled and mussed when I had him in charge than he ordinarily did when accompanied by his nurse. We got our dinner, and proceeded to go forth in search of more amusement.

This time we walked. I had had enough of the water, for that day at least; so we strolled around the foot of the lake, toward the bowling-alley which was on the other side. I had an engagement with one of the guests for a bowling match that afternoon. The baby enjoyed going there. He had the free range of the place, so long as he kept off the alleys, and he usually had great fun playing with the little balls.

The only people bowling that afternoon were the man and myself. The other alleys were free. The baby played in these empty alleys, rolling the little balls around, and almost every time he rolled a ball he slipped and fell on the polished floor. So long, however, as he did not fall heavily enough to hurt himself, we paid no especial attention to him, but kept on with our game. Consequently we did not notice his absence until we heard a fearful howl from the adjoining room.

We dashed into the room, which was used as a locker-room, beyond which lay the shower-baths. He was in the middle of the big square

shower—one of those things with many pipes which throw the water at you from all directions. It was so arranged that one swing of a lever opened every one of them. He had wandered in there and had pulled the lever. They were all going hard! That infant was seated on the floor in the middle of the shower, the water streaming upon him from every possible direction. It was lucky none of it was hot water, it being summer.

He may have been weeping,—of course we



"IN I PLUNGED BOLDLY AND TURNED OFF THE WATER." (SEE PAGE 154.)

could not tell water from tears under the circumstances,—but his lung power had not been diminished by his exploits of the day, and he was screaming lustily for help.

Really it was an extraordinarily funny sight,

and I am ashamed to say my friend and I laughed. As soon as we could recover ourselves a little, I directed that baby to come out. He was usually an obedient child, but either he did n't hear me or he was too scared to come forth; certainly he did n't heed my commands.

He sat there as solid as a pyramid, the water streaming down upon him. Threats, commands, appeals were alike useless. There was no help for it: I myself had to turn that water off and get him. The controlling lever was behind him. It was too far for me to reach in and turn it off; I had to go in. My laughter ceased rather suddenly, but my inconsiderate friend continued to see the humor of the situation with even more force than before. The way he laughed was exasperating!

Well, there was no use waiting any longer. In I plunged boldly, found the lever, turned off the water, took that infant, and started home. It was a triumphal march we made through the village, around the end of the lake, back to the hotel. I never knew until that day how many of the guests were accustomed to take walks through that woodland path. And they were so interested in us, too.

"What, again?"

"How many times does this make?"

"Well, you are certainly fond of the water!"

"Why don't you get a bathing-suit?"

"Or a rubber coat?"

"I declare" (this from some motherly old ladies), "it's a shame to treat a baby so!"

"He is n't fit to be trusted with a child, anyway."

"Where 's the poor thing's mother?"

Such were some of the comments of those unfeeling people.

I took that young man up to our apartments for the third time that day, and this time put him to bed. He had n't said a word to me during our interesting walk home, and he did not until I was tucking him under the sheets, there to remain while some of his wardrobe was drying. Then, as I bent over him, looking as stern and inexorable and disgusted as a man could well look who had undergone such misadventure, he reached up his little arms, drew my head toward him, and whispered:

"Are you mad, papa? 'Cause if you're mad, I duss want to be excruted."

After that I had to "excrute" him again. My! but I was glad when night came.

The next day the nurse was able to assume her responsibilities once more, and I cheerfully relinquished that delectable infant into her keeping. I have a great respect for that nurse, she managed him so easily—a most remarkable young woman, indeed! I never appreciated what a necessary adjunct to the family happiness and safety she was. And I earnestly trust that if the family is again laid low by tonsillitis, its attacks will come "piecemeal" and leave free always at least *one* member more skilled than I to undertake the care of this very dear but very strenuous youngster.





Adventures of a Tin Soldier

By Charles Raymond Macaulay



LITTLE Johnny was two years older than his twin sisters, and Dicky was nearly three years older than his brother Johnny. So, even though it was Christmas eve, Dicky had been permitted to remain up for an hour after Johnny and the twins had gone to bed.

He had been sitting upon the chintz-covered ottoman by the side of his Uncle Joe in front of the wide and cheerful fireplace. Uncle Joe had been telling him some fine stories of Christmas-time and Santa Claus, of the glittering star in the desert and the three wise men. But now Uncle Joe was tired and was dozing. Dicky could tell by the gold watch-fob that was slowly rising and sinking on the surface of his uncle's white waistcoat. It was quiet—so very quiet that Dicky could hear the regular tick-tick, tick-tick of the tall clock in the corner and the contented purring of gentle old Tabby.

Dicky kept thinking of Uncle Joe's wonderful stories, and, as he went over them he began to feel delightfully feathery all inside of him—"just like a balloon," he thought.

"Gracious! Why, I *am* a balloon!" he suddenly exclaimed to himself, as he made a futile grab or two at the tufted top of the ottoman, and then began lazily to float toward the center of the library ceiling.

"Is n't it funny that Uncle Joe does n't wake up?" Dicky asked of himself, as he looked

down upon the comfortable figure in the great red leather-covered Morris chair.

Dicky smiled. "Well, anyhow," said he, by way of giving himself assurance, "I'll stop when I get to the ceiling. And I sha'n't bump myself, either, I'm going so nice and e-a-s-y."

Dicky was half right, at least. He did n't bump himself; but he *did* n't stop when he had reached the ceiling. He went right through it. Now please do not imagine that the ceiling broke like a piece of tissue-paper. Dicky simply drifted through it, quite as though it were a fog.

He felt himself rising more and more swiftly at every moment; but, before sailing through the next ceiling, Dicky had time to see his sweet baby sisters, with their chubby arms clasped about each other's dimpled necks, fast asleep in their crib, and brother Johnny cuddling down more closely into his warm blankets and quilts. After that he caught a glimpse of the garret, the pale moonlight that was streaming into it over a snow-covered window-ledge, and then—presto! he was out through the gabled roof, sailing smoothly beneath the star-powdered sky.

Though every bit of earth, the trees, roofs, and everything outdoors were mantled in snow, which sparkled in the moonlight like dust of diamonds, Dicky felt deliciously light and warm and comfortable.

It was lovely, beautiful; and "Is n't it just *grand!*" he exclaimed aloud, in a burst of genuine delight.

It all happened so very quickly that Dicky has never since been able to explain much about it. The only thing that he *is* sure of is that he was suddenly whisked into a wonder-

fully big place with a tremendously high ceiling—so very high, in fact, that, peer as he might, Dicky could n't begin to see to the top of it. Millions of brilliant lights were circling up and up, after the fashion of a huge twinkling corkscrew. The walls all around him glistened and shone like burnished silver.

"It looks something like polished ice," he mused, as he made as though to peep over the edge of the precipice, or shelf, or whatever it was that he had alighted upon. Dicky was surprised to find that his legs had grown curiously stiff, and that he was able to bend his body only from the waist. When he did manage to look over, he heard a peculiar squeak inside of him that sounded strangely like an un-oiled hinge. But, at all events, he satisfied himself that he *was* standing safely on a shelf, and not very far from the floor.

Again he looked around at the shining walls. "I wonder whether it *is* ice?" he queried to himself. He tried then to touch the smooth surface behind him, and the stiff, ludicrous, and altogether awkward manner in which he was obliged to bend his arm caused him no end of amusement.

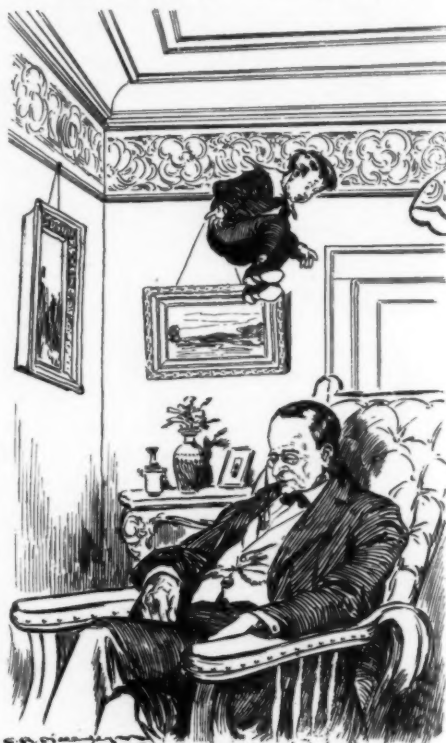
"It 's just as if I was a—a—" Dicky hesitated for a brief space and looked down at himself. "Why!" he shouted, "that 's just what I am—I'm a tin soldier!"

Which is precisely what Dicky was: a tin soldier, all decked out in a brilliant uniform of scarlet and blue and gold. He discovered that he could turn his head in a complete circle, "like an owl I saw once at the Zoo," he thought. So in the mirror-like surface of the wall at his back he admired his trappings—the sword dangling at his side, the perfectly gorgeous plume nodding in his tilted cap.

From the moment that he landed upon the shelf, Dicky had been conscious of a helter-skelter rush and bustle all about him—a hurrying, scurrying of numberless flying feet, a subdued murmuring of countless voices, a turbulent sea of energy constantly ebbing and flowing from one end of the vast interior to the other. Droll, little-bodied men, with fresh, round, happy faces, were running swiftly to and fro between the shelves. He could see their white paper caps bobbing about beneath him all over

the floor. Often they would break into a chorus of song; and their short, blue-overalled legs would twinkle in and out in time to the curious music.

"Well," said Dicky to himself, "since I'm



"WELL, ANYHOW," SAID HE, "I'LL STOP WHEN I GET TO THE CEILING."

here, I might as well see as much as I can." Whereupon, in a stiff, ungainly way, he clambered over the edge of the shelf, hung suspended there for a moment, and then dropped to the floor.

He alighted just behind a queer little man who was busily working away with a hammer and chisel. Dicky lost his balance and toppled over against the tiny workman's shoulder, who said, without pausing to look up, and in a laughable, singsong tone of voice: "You came pretty near falling on me—falling on me—falling on me!" And then, quite as though nothing unusual had occurred, he proceeded with his interrupted song, which ran something like this:

"I tinker him up and I tinker him down,
I tinker him round the corner;
I tinker a plum in his chubby fat thumb,
And call him my Little Jack Horner!"

"Please, sir, where am I?" queried Dicky, breathlessly, as soon as the little workman had finished singing the verse.

"I don't know who tinkered *you*," observed the little workman, glancing sidewise at Dicky, "but you're certainly a famously fine toy. Excellent phonograph you have inside of you, too. Excellent — excel-*lent*!"

Dicky protested: "But I'm a boy, *not* a toy."

"Haw-haw—ho-ho!" laughed the little workman, immoderately. "A verse in him as well. Not half bad, I'll declare! Not half bad. Let me—see; one too many feet in the first line, though."

"Now there's where you *are* mistaken," cried Dicky, triumphantly; "because you can see for yourself that I've only *two* feet."

"Haw-haw—ho-ho-O-O!" fairly shouted the little workman. "Better and better. Better *a-n-d* better! A question; a verse; re-*par-tee*. Good! G-r-e-a-t!"

He favored Dickey with a glance of genuine admiration, and then resumed his song:

"Then I stow him away in old Santa Claus' bag,
With a message of love and good cheer,
And a wish that my toy may bring Christmas joy,
And a jolly and happy New Year."

Dicky had noticed before that right in the center of the floor there was a circular space about five or six yards in diameter, where the streams of white-capped workmen came together and eddied around and around after the fashion of an animated whirlpool.

Immediately after the tiny tinker had finished his song he lifted up the mechanical Little Jack Horner, shouldered his way into one of the moving lines, and hurried with his toy toward the animated whirlpool, with Dicky following closely at his heels.

"I'm going to find out what they're doing," said he, determinedly; and then, "Why, it's a great big bag! And I declare if they're not dumping things into it as fast as they can. I wonder why it does n't get full and spill over

the top?" he continued to muse, and all the while he kept busily dodging about in order to escape the hurrying feet of the droll little workmen.

Just at that moment he bumped against something soft and yielding. In his haste to step aside and apologize (for Dicky, you must know, was an exceedingly polite little fellow), he made matters considerably worse by treading upon some one's toe.

"Oh, I *do* humbly beg your pardon!" he said earnestly.

"It was n't your fault, I'm sure," replied a sweet, silvery voice, "and you have n't hurt me at all."

When Dicky managed somehow to turn around, he saw a most charming face, crowned with a great quantity of golden hair, and a pair of captivating eyes looking frankly into his own. "I—I—er—" he stammered, and felt himself growing red. Then he made an awkward attempt to take off his cap, and was deeply chagrined to discover that it was glued fast to his head. Next he tried to bow, and, forgetting that he could only bend from his waist, he fell forward squarely upon his head in a fashion very much more ludicrous than dignified.



"PLEASE, SIR, WHERE AM I?" QUERIED DICKY.

"Did you hurt yourself, sir?" Dicky heard the sweet voice inquire.

"Oh, n-no!" returned Dicky, very much embarrassed. "I—I was only trying to bow, thank you."

"Please don't do it again," pleaded the pretty creature. "It *does* give one such a start."

"Thank you—that is—I sha'n't do it again, if you don't wish me to," promised Dicky, soberly, as he got firmly to his feet and stood at soldierly "attention." "I sha'n't forget again that I'm a tin soldier, though," he added to himself.

Then followed a long pause, during which they both watched the little workmen piling things into the bag. Bass-drums, snare-drums, tin whistles, and swords; candy, building-blocks, alphabet and story books; dishes, dolls, and dancing dervishes; caps, jackets, and clothing of all descriptions; trussed-up turkeys, all ready for the oven, and generous packages of food—in fact, everything nice that one could possibly think of kept tumbling over the rim of the bag in an endless cataract.

"That bag appears not to have any bottom," thought Dicky, "for if it had it surely would have been running over long before this, it seems to me."

"Would n't it be ever so jolly," remarked the sweet creature at Dicky's side, "if we were to be put in last of all?"

Dicky had n't thought for a moment that *he* was going to be thrust into the bag; but, if it was to be, he thought it would be much more comfortable to ride on top, and he did n't hesitate long in saying so.

"Then, don't you see," pursued the sweet creature, "we could see everything as we rode along?"

"Rode along?" queried Dicky, wonderingly. "Why—wherever are we going to be taken?"

"I'm sure I don't know. None of us knows. We're only toys, you know, and Santa Claus puts us wherever he thinks we are most needed. I do so hope I shall find a kind little mistress. They've given me such a beautiful complexion—I should hate to have it washed off with strong soap. They've painted you up nicely, too, have n't they?"

"But I'm not painted at all," Dicky stoutly protested. "I'm a real boy."

"Why, were n't you made here in Santa Claus's workshop?" asked the sweet creature, in a tone of amazement.

"Of course not," Dicky answered. "I just landed here on a shelf about half an hour ago. I'll

wager Uncle Joe'll be surprised when he finds out that I've turned into a tin soldier! I wish *you* could meet Uncle Joe. I know you'd like him."

"Perhaps I—"

But the sweet creature never finished the sentence, for just at that moment she and Dicky were caught up and put into the bag, which, by the way, had become full while they were talking. So there they were with their heads stick-



"HE FELL FORWARD UPON HIS HEAD."

ing well over the top, just as they had wished it might be.

No matter how old he lives to be, Dicky will never forget the scene that followed.

With a marvelous precision, the regiments of little workmen ranged themselves in tier upon tier along the wall. To such a great length did the uniformed lines stretch out that Dicky could n't begin to see the end of them. Then, from afar off, sounded the merry jingle of silver sleigh-bells, followed by the sharp crack of a whip, and in just another second Santa Claus himself, holding a handful of red reins above eight graceful, lithe, and beautiful reindeer, had drawn up with a grand flourish alongside. Dicky noticed that all of the little workmen were standing with their right hands lifted to the tips of their paper caps. As the great bag was lifted to the back of the scarlet sleigh, they burst out into a mighty chorus of song, which could be heard long after the swiftly moving reindeer had whisked Santa Claus and his burden through the wide and lofty entrance.

"Might n't we be blown away?" Dicky heard the sweet creature whisper, as they felt the cold air on their faces. Whereupon, in order to quiet her fears, he took her hand and held it tightly during the whole evening's ride.

No sooner had he done so when the sleigh came to a sudden halt beside a tumble-down little cottage. Santa Claus threw the bag across his big shoulder, clambered quickly to the roof, and floated down the chimney.

By the dim firelight Dicky could see two curly little heads buried in their pillows. He found himself wishing that he and the sweet creature might remain there in the little cottage. "We could make them so happy in the morning," he thought. But Santa Claus selected from the great bag, clothing and nice new shoes and a turkey and several packages of food. After filling the tiny much darned stockings hanging from a shelf with striped stick candy and colored pop-corn, he floated up the chimney; and at the crack of his long whip, and with a great jingling of bells, they soared again high into the clear air.

Over country and villages and cities they flew, all the while whisking up and down chimneys with lightning-like rapidity.

Just as Dicky fancied that he saw the first rosy signal of dawn away off in the east, the sleigh halted beside a house that seemed ever so familiar. He had n't much time, however, to look at the outside of it before they were inside, and, sure enough! it *was* his own house. Yes, there was the very leather-covered Morris chair in which his Uncle Joe had sat when Dicky floated through the library ceiling!

Suddenly, then, he felt himself being grasped gently by the arm, and Santa Claus thrust him right into his brother Johnny's stocking. Dicky was quite frightened and stifled for a moment, it was so dark and close down there; but then

he grew altogether happy and contented when he heard a sweet voice saying:

"I 'm to stay here with you, my little tin soldier."

"Oh, dear, I am so sleepy," was all Dicky could say; and he was just about to sink into the most deliciously restful sleep when —

Yes! it *was* his brother Johnny who was shaking him by the arm; and right behind Johnny were his dear little twin sisters. Above them all appeared the smiling face of Uncle Joe.

"Hurry up, Dicky, man!" called out Uncle Joe, cheerily. "The idea of oversleeping on this of all mornings! A merry Christmas to you! And rush down into the library as quickly as you can. The tree 's waiting there for you."

"An' juth look what I dot!" lisped one of the twins, as she lifted to the foot of Dicky's bed — whom do you think? Why, the sweet creature!

"Ith n't she pitty?" cooed Dicky's sister, softly.

"And look what I 've got," shouted Johnny, as he pulled forth a gaily painted tin soldier.

"Well, come on, children!" shouted Uncle Joe, from the library. Whereupon Dicky's sister lifted the sweet creature tenderly into her chubby arms, and Johnny hastily tucked his tin soldier in his jacket pocket, and down the family went to see the tree and the other presents that Santa Claus could not get into the stockings.

And, somehow, all that winter there was scarcely a day when Dicky went into the play-room that he did not take a look at the sweet creature and the little tin soldier.



The Signs of Old London

BY JULIAN KING COLFORD.

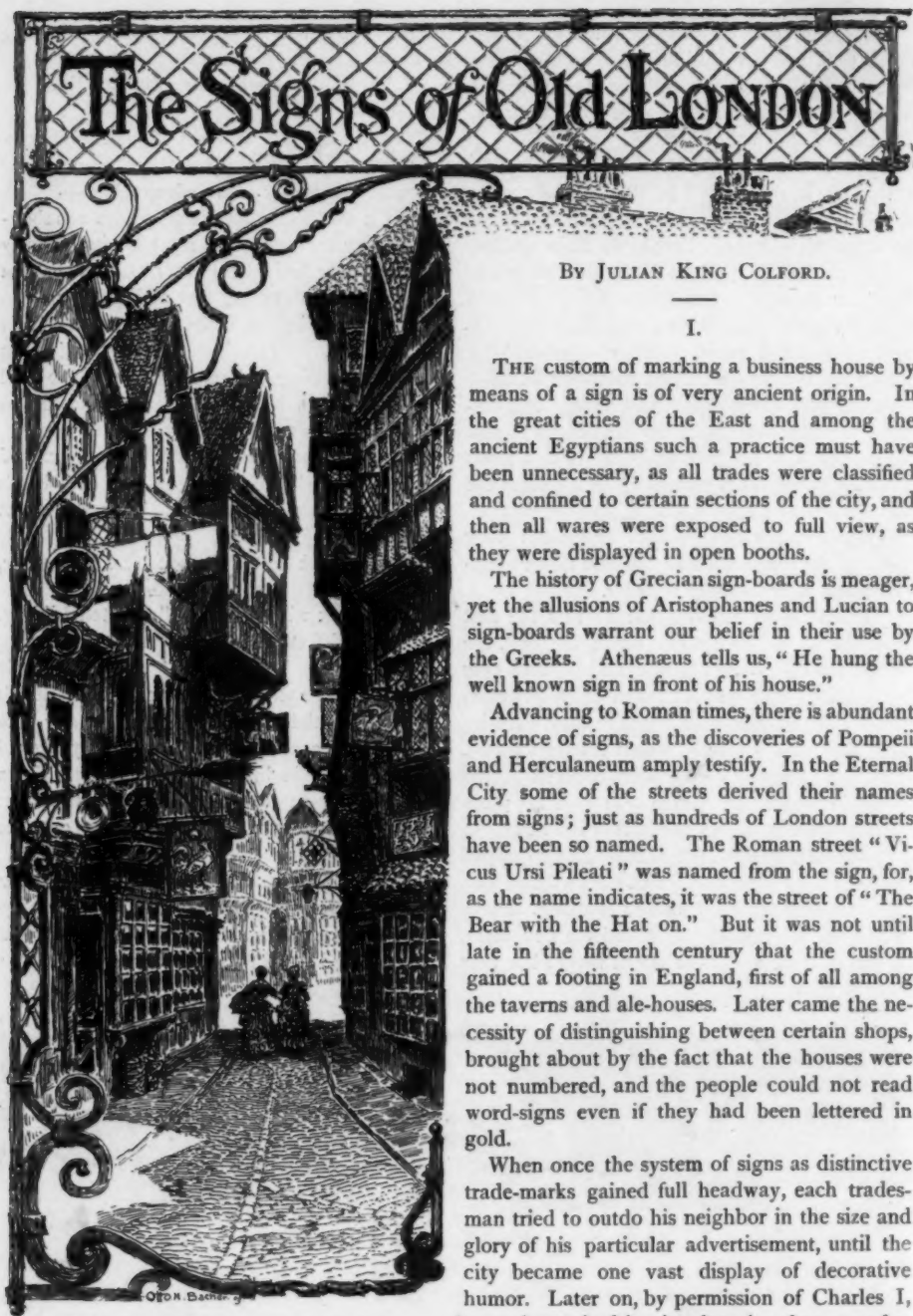
I.

THE custom of marking a business house by means of a sign is of very ancient origin. In the great cities of the East and among the ancient Egyptians such a practice must have been unnecessary, as all trades were classified and confined to certain sections of the city, and then all wares were exposed to full view, as they were displayed in open booths.

The history of Grecian sign-boards is meager, yet the allusions of Aristophanes and Lucian to sign-boards warrant our belief in their use by the Greeks. Athenæus tells us, "He hung the well known sign in front of his house."

Advancing to Roman times, there is abundant evidence of signs, as the discoveries of Pompeii and Herculaneum amply testify. In the Eternal City some of the streets derived their names from signs; just as hundreds of London streets have been so named. The Roman street "Vicus Ursi Pileati" was named from the sign, for, as the name indicates, it was the street of "The Bear with the Hat on." But it was not until late in the fifteenth century that the custom gained a footing in England, first of all among the taverns and ale-houses. Later came the necessity of distinguishing between certain shops, brought about by the fact that the houses were not numbered, and the people could not read word-signs even if they had been lettered in gold.

When once the system of signs as distinctive trade-marks gained full headway, each tradesman tried to outdo his neighbor in the size and glory of his particular advertisement, until the city became one vast display of decorative humor. Later on, by permission of Charles I, every house had its sign hanging from wooden



A LONDON STREET IN THE TIME OF CHARLES I.

brackets or iron rods fixed into the walls of the house. The streets of old London were narrow, winding, and dark. The houses projected as they rose above the highway until people in the upper stories could almost shake hands across the street. These narrow places were filled with long-armed signs, ponderous in their weight of iron, ridiculous in conception, and fantastic in their dress of paint. In storm and wind they groaned and twisted on their rusty hinges, making the night hideous with noise, and becoming an absolute menace to the traveler on the street.

In 1762, after many people had been killed by the falling of the lumbering things, an act of Parliament compelled their removal, and ordered that signs be placed flat with the wall or, if of stone, be set into the structure.

The time has far gone when the streets of London were filled with Blue Boars, Black Swans, Red Lions, Flying Pigs, and Dogs in Armor, together with many creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Africa. To study that history is to catch a vivid glimpse of the English shopkeepers at a time when they knew not their alphabet. Here we shall find, with Shakspeare, "many things of worthy memory."

In Cannon Street, set into the southern wall of the Church of St. Swithin's, may be seen the

VOL. XXXI.—21.

"London Stone." It is to-day a rounded boulder protected by iron bars. From its situation in the center of the longest diameter of the city it formed the milliary, like that in the Forum in Rome, whence all the distances were measured. The exact time when the Romans



"THE DOG'S HEAD IN THE IRON POT."

set this stone from which all their roads radiated is lost in the mazes of antiquity. This is the stone that the rebel Jack Cade smote with his bloody sword when he had stormed London



THE GOLDEN GRASSHOPPER ON THE TOWER
OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

Bridge; and Dryden also mentions the stone in his fable of "The Cook and the Fox." Stow gives a picturesque glimpse of the old denizens of the neighborhood passing by this stone in the reign of Henry VIII.

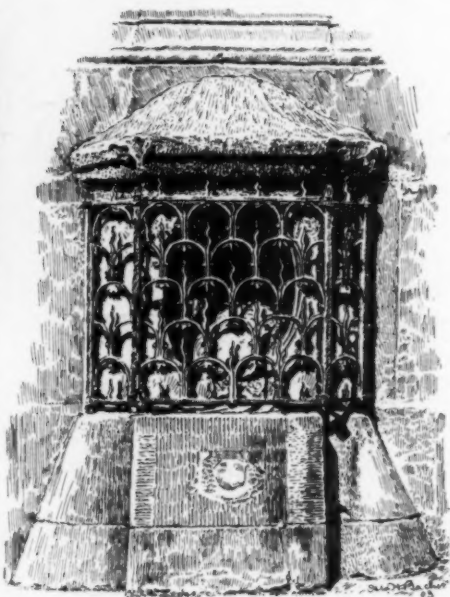
One of the most notable of old London signs, "The Dog's Head in the Iron Pot," had its beginning in the early years of the reign of that same bluff King Hal. It stands out, a lonely figure on Blackfriars Road at the corner of

Charlotte Street, the sign of a wholesale ironmonger's establishment. The dog is in the act of eating out of a three-legged iron pot which it has overturned.

There were also "The Black Dog" and "The Dog and Duck." "The White Greyhound" was the sign of John Harrison in St. Paul's Churchyard, a bookseller who published some of Shakspeare's early works.

The golden grasshopper on the tower of the Royal Exchange has been for nearly three and a half centuries a London landmark as familiar as the cross on St. Paul's or the dragon on Bow Church steeple.

Sir Thomas Gresham, a royal agent in three successive reigns, founded the Exchange in the reign of Elizabeth. He erected at his own expense a beautiful structure in the Flemish style of architecture, with shops on the first floor. A bell-tower, crowned by a huge grasshopper, stood on one side of the chief entrance. The bell in this tower summoned the merchants at twelve o'clock noon and six o'clock evening. During the Great Fire of 1666 the building was totally destroyed. The statues of kings and queens which ornamented the corridors were



LONDON STONE.

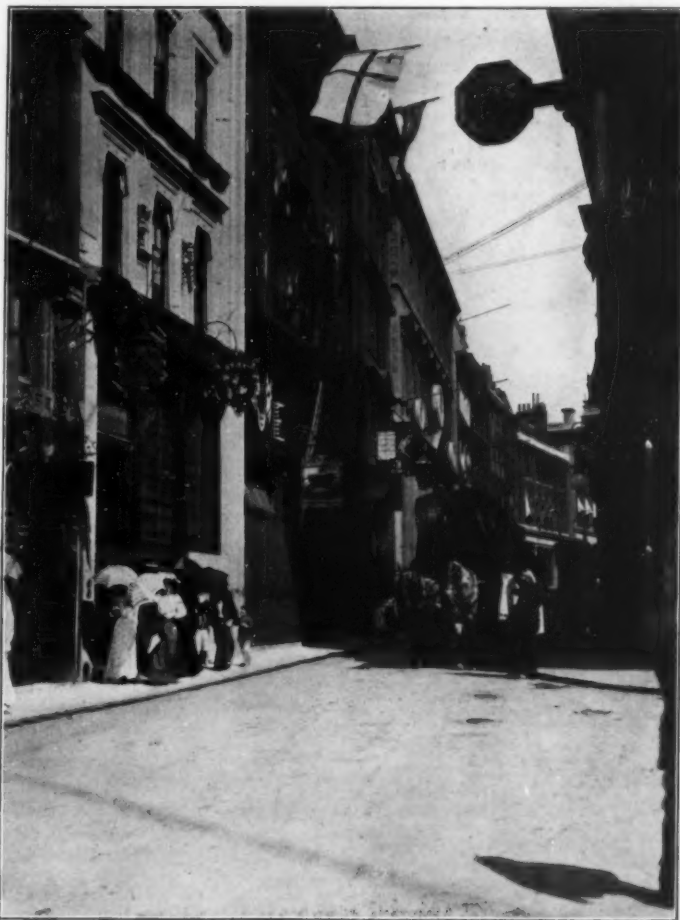
precipitated into the enormous cellars, and with them the tower and grasshopper.

Gresham was loyally loved by the metropolis, and his generous services were not forgotten. From the mountain of debris the grasshopper was rescued, and it was placed—a lofty vane of gilt brass—above the new dome supported by eight Corinthian columns, and to this hour swings to the points of the compass, perpetuating the sign and crest of the Gresham family. The old clock in this tower had four dials and chimed four times daily. On Sunday, "the 104th Psalm"; on Monday, "God Save the King"; on Tuesday, "Waterloo March"; on Wednesday, "There's nae luck about the hoose"; on Thursday, "See, the Conquering Hero Comes"; on Friday, "Life Let Us Cherish"; and on Saturday, "Foot-Guards' March." In 1838 fire again devastated the stately building, beginning soon after ten at night, and by the next morning the clock-tower alone was standing. It is significant that the last air played by the chimes before they went crashing through the tower roof, crushing the entrance arch below, was

"There's nae luck about the hoose"; then the eight bells ceased their clanging.

The grasshopper was unharmed, and to this day remains, eleven feet of shimmering metal looking down from its perch one hundred and eight feet above the busy streets.

There is a legend—containing how much truth no man dare say—that Thomas Gresham was brought from Holland and left a poor and hapless waif on the moors—left among clumps of heather and sage-brush to perish. A hunter, attracted by the shrill cry of a grasshopper, followed the sound and found the boy. Thus



LOMBARD STREET—REVIVING THE OLD SIGNS DURING THE CELEBRATION OF THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII.

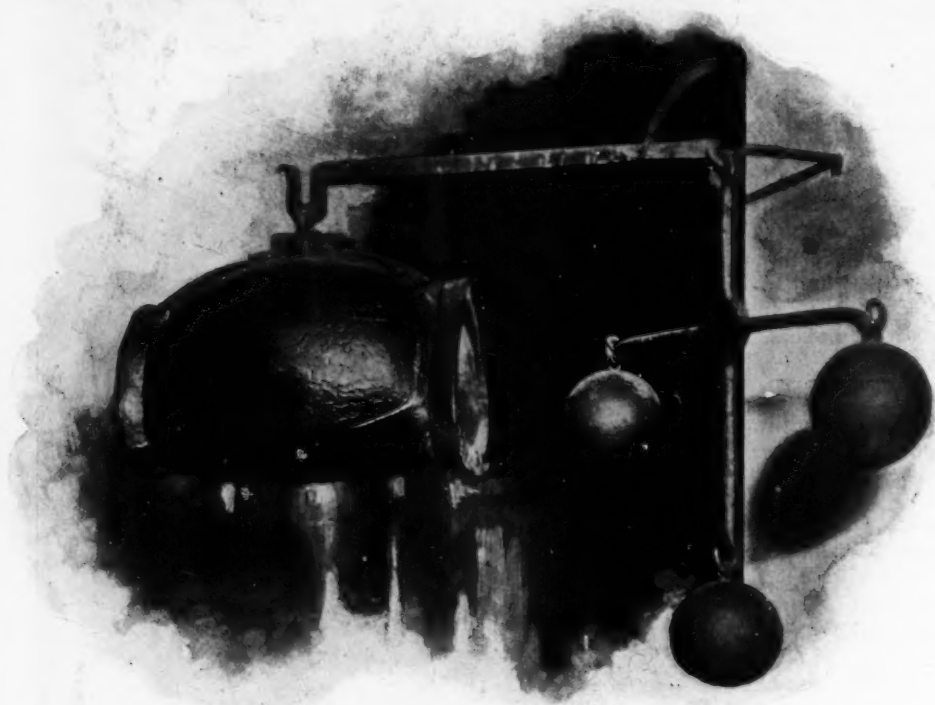
rescued, the lad, a comely fellow, was placed in school, grew up to be the counselor of kings and queens, and the founder of an exchange that holds a dominating power in the commerce of the habitable globe.

The fact is that the golden grasshopper of Sir

Thomas Gresham is of classic derivation, dating further back than the Roman era. It was the favorite ornament of the proud Athenians, who considered that the grasshopper cast a spell of enchantment, insuring riches and good fortune.

Lombard Street, noted in history as the great London street for bankers, derived its name from the Longobards, a race of rich bankers who settled there in the reign of Edward II, and whose badge, the three golden balls, taken

street were revived for the recent Coronation festivities, and Londoners of to-day were thus able to get an idea of how the crooked old place might have looked with its pendant signs, placed to guide a people who could not read — perhaps quite as sure a guide as the numbering of to-day. For what man or boy could not find the sign of "The Grasshopper," "The Phenix," "The Black Boy," "The White Ram," "The Bunch of Grapes," "The Car-



"THE LEATHERN BOTTLE."

AN OLD PAWNBROKER'S SIGN. (SEE PAGE 165.)

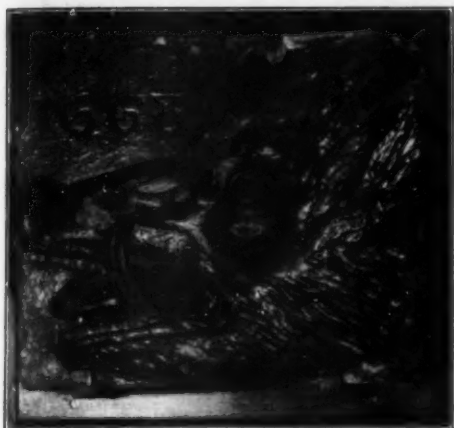
from the lower part of the arms of the Dukes of Medici, continues to this day to be the sign of pawnbrokers — money-lenders. The balls on the rich crest of the Medici were blue, and only during the last half-century have they, in the pawnbrokers' signs, been gilded. The position of the balls is popularly believed to indicate that there are two chances to one that what is brought there will not be redeemed.

The fifteenth-century signs of this famous old

dinal's Hat," "The Cat and the Fiddle," "The Anchor"?

"The Bull" is a favorite English sign. Some have supposed that this fact gave the Briton his nickname of "John Bull," though others ascribe it to his favorite roast, or say that it was derived from the ancient sport of bull-baiting. Thus bulls have figured on inn signboards as black, gray, pied, and even spangled.

On one of these historic inns in Holborn,



"THE BOAR'S HEAD."

the great black beast with curved neck paws as bravely as ever over the entrance to the old courtyard. Lovers of Dickens will recall that it was at "The Black Bull" in Holborn that Mrs. Gamp and Betsy Prig nursed Mrs. Lewsome. "Nussed together, turn and turn about, one off, one on." This riotous, proud-looking beast will soon find a place in the British Museum.

There is at Guildhall a relic of rarest interest—"The Boar's Head," the sign of an old tavern in Eastcheap. This time-honored thoroughfare is mentioned as a place of cooks; and this historic rendezvous earned and well maintained the proud title, "This is the chief tavern in London." The ancient sign carved in stone, with the initials "I. T." above the snout, and the date 1668, is now considered a priceless memento.

The very name "Boar's Head" conjures up the rollicking social life of those times. Here for generations the best wits and writers of London used to gather, and around the place scores of Shaksperian memories cluster. The original tavern stood at the point where Gracechurch Street, King William Street, Eastcheap, and Cannon Street converge, and on its site is now the statue of King William IV.

Among the exhibits in the Guildhall there will be seen, fastened to the same bar, a very old pawnbroker's sign and "The Leathern Bottle" or "Black Jack," the oldest sign of an ale-house. These leather bottles were sometimes lined with silver or other metal.

The three feathers of the Prince of Wales is a graceful and ancient piece of carving, resting in a common brick wall, high above the hurrying multitude that hourly pass through St. Paul's Churchyard. The heraldic origin of the feather badge has been traced back to the Black Prince. His crest was sometimes three feathers, sometimes one. They are placed separately on his tomb in Canterbury Cathedral.

Within the toss of a pebble, but miles away from it in spirit, is a sign that marks the highest ground in London—the sign of "The Boy and Panyer." The boy is seated on a pannier, or basket, holding what purports to be a bunch of grapes between his hand and foot, in token of plenty. Within an ornamental border below may be read the inscription:

"When ye have sought the citty round,
Yet still this is the highest ground.
August the 27, 1688."

This sign, though evidently placed in this narrow passage between Paternoster Row and Newgate Street after the Great Fire, doubtless represents an earlier sign. From "Liber Albus," which treats of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, we learn that the sale of bread in

those days was not allowed to take place in the houses of bakers themselves, but only in the king's markets. It was sold on the street in baskets, or panniers. From this it is likely that Panyer Alley was noted as a standing-



"THE PRINCE OF WALES' FEATHERS."

place for bakers' boys with their panniers. This poor little stone boy with his bunch of grapes and his bread is located in the east side of the alley, so built into the wall that it would not be possible to remove the image without destroying the wall. It is now boarded up.

Romance, heroism, genius, philanthropy gath-

ered about Gresham and his grasshopper; a like quartet of virtues and adornments, and many more, cluster about Sir Richard Whittington and his cat. The story and adventure of this brave, beautiful boy has enriched nursery lore and become the model for more legends than the traditional lives of the cat associated with his name.

A poor boy, orphaned, he trudged to London behind a market-wagon, having been told the streets were paved with gold. There he slept on the pavement, at last was taken in as a service-boy by a rich merchant, slept in a garret which was overrun with rats, earned a penny blacking boots, with which he bought a cat, which shared with him his miserable quarters, but not the fierce scoldings of the cook. The merchant was about to send a trading-ship to sea, when he called his servants and told them that if they possessed anything they might share with him the benefits of barter. Poor Dick had nothing but his cat; they scoffed at him, but the daughter of the merchant insisted that he send it. With tears, the lonely little fellow said good-by to Tab. The captain of the ship found the King of the Morocos overrun with rats and mice, and sold the cat for priceless treasure. The goodly merchant gave it all to the boy, who afterward married his daughter Alice. The two together

left their stamp upon the great city. Whittington was three times Lord Mayor of London. He was the first to introduce drinking-fountains into London, the first to establish and build a public library. He founded a college. He rebuilt churches, and advanced large sums of money to Henry V.

Whittington was born in 1360 and died in March, 1423.

There are many old stories about Dick and his cat, but, with Dickens, I believe in the cat. It is to be seen on the roof of the house where Whittington lived, it is mentioned on his grave, and, beyond this, there is conclusive evidence in the stone bas-relief now in Guildhall. This stone carving was discovered, a few years ago, in the cellar of a house in Gloucester, the very house in which the Whittingtons lived as far back as 1460. The bas-relief represents a boy of nine years, with the hood of the period around his shoulders, the hair cut square across the forehead and long over the ears, the feet bare, and the lad is carrying a cat. The tablet evidently formed a portion of a larger

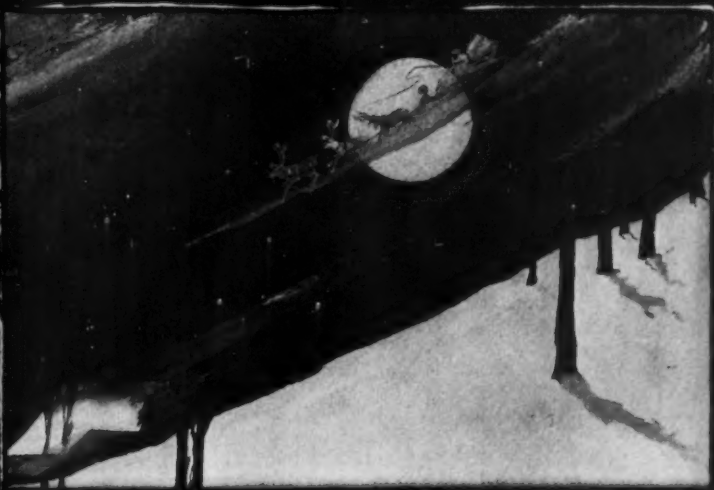


DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

work, a tablet over either a door or a chimney-piece. By competent judges it has been pronounced to be the work of an artist of the fifteenth century, and seems to show that the Whittington family was not only acquainted with, but was proud of, the story of the cat.

(To be concluded.)





DECEMBER

A NONSENSE CALENDAR

WITH ringing, jingling, tinkling bells,
The dancing, prancing reindeer tells
That Christmas day is here again
With "Peace on earth, good will to men."
And when dear little sleepy-heads
Are bundled in their little beds,
They dream they hear the reindeer's hoofs
A-pattering on the snowy roofs.

They dream that Christmas day is here,
The gladdest day of all the year.
They dream their stockings overflow,
Crammed full of gifts from top to toe.
They dream of lighted Christmas trees,
Of Christmas frolic, games and glees,
Roast turkey and plum pudding too —
Then wake and find their dream is true.

Carolyn Wells.



Nature and Science for Young Folks.

Edited by Edward F. Rieu.

"He giveth snow like wool," says the Psalmist, and I always fancy a corresponding sympathy beneath the sod at the welcome of the first warm snow—of pallid bulbs and aching roots in warm congratulation, and all the tribe of furry folk turning in its burrow to toast its benumbed paws at the grateful glow.—WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

"The lights shone cheerfully out the windows and the open door of the L."

THE FIRST SNOWFALL.

A PART of every country boy's work is to keep the wood-box full. Night and morning he must fill the big one by the kitchen stove and the little one by the air-tight "Franklin" in the sitting-room. But "once upon

a time" there was a boy (I knew him) who thought that he had them both "full enough" before supper. Yet along about eight o'clock his Aunt Rachel went to the window. She breathed on the frosty pane, and looked through the bare spot, and said: "My! how it is snow-

ing! This is none of your squalls, Howard. It is going to be deep, even if it is the first one of the season." And, with a twinkle in her kindly old eyes, "I think you ought to bring in a little more wood. And you 'd better pile it up pretty high, too."

"I don't care much if it is going to be deep," said Howard to himself, as he hung the lantern on the wood-

"The cows are waiting to have the haystack opened."



"Santa Claus has made that spruce into a Christmas tree."





"The happy birds are having a feast of seeds."

shed beam and loaded his arm with the newly split, fragrant sticks of hickory and birch. The lights shone cheerfully out the windows and the open door of the L.

"I can stand it to bring all the wood I can pile back of the stovepipe, if there is only good sliding down our hill to-morrow, and I rather think there will be."

It was good the next day. There had been no wind, and the snow was smooth and even—oh, just perfect! no bare spots, it seemed, in all the world. Was n't it beautiful when the sun shone on it? It made your eyes blink, it was so bright. The chores must be attended to in the forenoon, but after lunch was the play time.

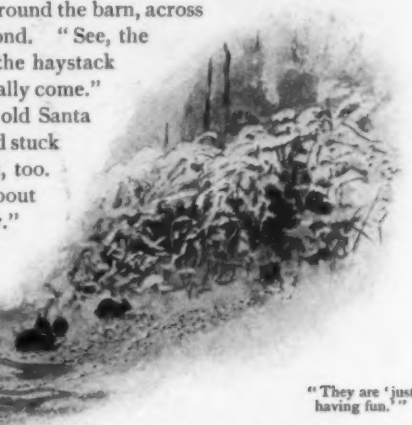
Down the cart path, around the barn, across lots to the hill by the pond. "See, the cows are waiting to have the haystack

opened. They think that winter has really come."

"Never mind the cows," said Melville. "See how old Santa Claus has made that spruce into a Christmas tree, and stuck all the ornaments on it, too.

There is nothing slow about that old fellow."

What wonders



"They are 'just having fun.'"

follow a first storm! Autumn goes by with a rush. Mid-winter arrives in a single night, and the face of nature wears another and different expression. The birds are even ahead of the boys.

Amid a bunch of withered goldenrod, under the fence, is an open spot where the snow has spread its white cloth, and the happy birds are having a feast of seeds. There is not a single creature to which the first snowfall brings anything but joy.

For the rabbits and the mice it turns a new page on which they write learned essays with paws and claws. Up and down, back and forth, in queer hieroglyphics, the writing runs. They are not always seeking food. Like the boys, they are "just having fun" with the first snowfall! And every boy knows how well he likes to do that. Go out on any day after a light fall of snow, and look at the tracks between stumps and brush-heaps.

Country boys make paths in the snow, but they are not the only path-makers. One can easily fancy that the squirrel, looking along his zigzag highway on the top rail, says: "What a task I have, to get over all these rails this morning!" or, "What fun I shall have



"The squirrel looking along his zigzag highway."



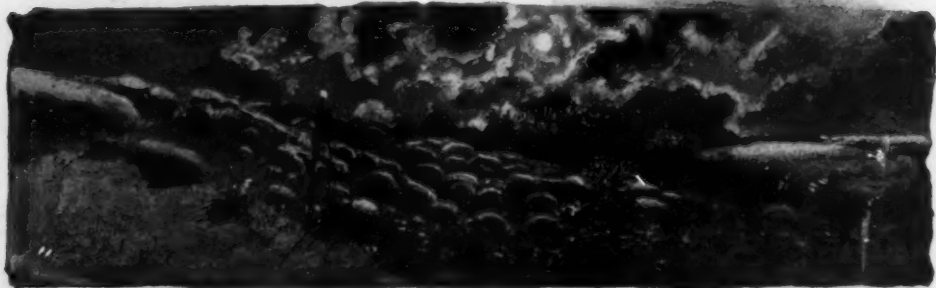
"As if a white blanket had been spread over all the ground and the brook."

when I come to that narrow ridge yonder! *Chuck-er-r-r-r—*" and away he goes. If it is a task, it is an easy one, and a light heart makes it easier.

Down through the woods the boys went.

Said Howard: "It looks as if a white blanket had been spread over all the ground and the brook."

"Yes," agreed Melville; "and it looks as if the wool that made the blanket were growing on the branches and twigs of the trees."



"The snow-crowned boulders in the hillside pasture resembled a flock of slumbering sheep."

The boy who remembers such experiences, and looks forward to others of a similar kind, has no words to express his enjoyment of it all. He is never alone at such times. The frolic of the afternoon was so delightful that these special boys whom I knew forgot even their supper-time, and thought of home only when twilight fell around them and the moon sailed up into the steely blue sky. Then, indeed, the snow looked like a blanket, and the snow-crowned boulders in the hillside pasture resembled a flock of slumbering sheep.

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF THE BLUE JAYS.

The alarm of the blue jays at the discovery of "a cat walking meekly along by the fence in the low shrubbery near and under the spruce-tree," as related on page 77 of *Nature and Science* for last month, reminds me of a story told by Mr. Frank M. Chapman in "The Century Magazine." Like all naturalists, Mr.

Chapman has a large amount of inquisitiveness, and he also has a very high opinion of the blue jays' mental powers—of their ability to think and to act under new experiences. He says of the jay:

He is indeed well coated with self-esteem who does not feel a sense of inferiority in the presence of a jay. He is such a shrewd, independent, and aggressive creature that one is inevitably led to the belief that he is more of a success as a bird than most men are as men.

In this particular case Mr. Chapman wished to know how the jays would treat a stuffed screech-owl tied in a tree near their nest. So he tied one about two feet from the nest. Soon came one jay screaming in alarm, and in a few minutes more its mate joined in the investigation. Then they went away to the woods, as if to talk the matter over and decide what to do. Mr. Chapman says:

I heard them uttering for the first time the low, conversational *eck, eck, eck* note of their kind. It is a note which I have never heard from a solitary jay, and is



"SOON ONE JAY CAME SCREAMING IN ALARM."



"THIS WAS A PECULIAR KIND OF OWL, DIFFERENT, DOUBTLESS, FROM ANY THE JAY HAD EVER BEFORE ENCOUNTERED."

therefore probably used for purposes of intercommunication. One frequently hears it from a party of jays when they are gathering chestnuts or acorns.

It was evidently a great "want to know" meeting. "What is the thing?" and "What shall we do?" were the questions.

For ten seconds or more the discussion, if discussion it was, continued, and at the end of this time a plan of battle had evidently been decided upon, which they lost no time in translating into action. They returned to the nest-tree, not now a screaming pair of excited, frenzied birds who in the control of an unheard-of experience had completely lost their heads, but two determined, silent creatures, with seemingly well-fixed purpose. The difference in their actions when the two visits to the nest were compared was in truth sufficiently impressive to warrant a belief in the birds' ability to grasp the situation intelligently.

Without a moment's hesitation one of the pair now selected a perch above the owl, paused only long enough to take aim, and then, with a flash of wings, sprang at its supposed enemy. What followed, the

camera, although set for a hundredth part of a second, failed definitely to record. The heart of the little pine seemed rent by the explosion of a blue jay. It was no feint, but a good honest blow delivered with all the bird's force of body and pinion, and the poor little owl was completely vanquished, upset, at the first onslaught. The jay had given a most convincing exhibition of the highest type of courage: it had mastered its fears and deliberately gone to battle. I felt like applauding.

But its troubles were not ended. This was a peculiar kind of owl, different, doubtless, from any that the jay had ever before encountered. It was conquered, but instead of flying away to some dark nook to nurse its wounds, it persisted in remaining on the field, retaining its grasp of the limb, not upright, however, but hanging upside down, as no owl was ever seen to do before, and, indeed, as only wired owls could. Such unheard-of behavior excited the jays even more than the owl's first appearance, and from near-by limbs they shrieked notes of defiance until, in mercy to their throats and my ears, I removed the cause of their alarm, bent the branches back to conceal their nest, and left them to discuss their remarkable experiences at their leisure.

? "BECAUSE WE
WANT TO KNOW"
????????????

St. Nicholas
Union Square,
New York

RULE 1. State carefully all details pertaining to the matter about which you inquire or desire to tell others. For the identification of insects or plants, send the whole specimen. If the object is an insect, state where you found it, what it was doing, and on what plant it was feeding. If it is a plant, send it all, unless it is too large. In that case a branch with flower and leaves will answer. A single dried blossom or dead leaf may be recognized if the plant is a common one, but it is better to send the whole specimen.

RULE 2. Inclose stamped and self-addressed envelop if reply is desired by mail. We have space to publish very few such inquiries, and only those that are of general interest. Stamps must also accompany a request for the return of specimens. Write your address in full, with street and number when necessary, on your letter, on your envelop, and on the box containing the object.

RULE 3. Answers to questions from parents or teachers will be made only by mail, in stamped and self-addressed envelop. A letter "dictated" by a boy or a girl and written by a teacher or a parent cannot be published. A letter for publication giving information or stating observations must be composed and written by the boy or the girl whose name is signed to it. The writer's age must be given, and the whole indorsed by the parent or the teacher, who must thus guarantee its originality. Letters of inquiry need not be so indorsed, but should state the age of the writer.

AN ELEPHANT AFRAID OF A MOUSE.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read that an elephant is afraid of a mouse, and that a mouse can kill an elephant if it runs often enough up and down his trunk. Will you please tell me whether it is so or not?

With best wishes,

RUTH M. VON DORN.

An elephant is usually afraid of any small animal to which it is unaccustomed. A dog or cat, and sometimes even a mouse, will cause him annoyance, especially if it runs between the animal's legs. The noise of a mouse running through the hay will often cause an elephant to become excited, but I have never known or heard of a mouse getting on an elephant's trunk.

The terrors of the mouse to a larger animal is an old story, and many foolish superstitions have arisen from it. In Gilbert White's "Natural History of Selborne," Letter LXX, written in 1776, tells of a shrew-ash:

Now a shrew-ash is an ash whose twigs or branches, when gently applied to the limbs of cattle, will immediately relieve the pains which a beast suffers from the running of a shrew-mouse over the part affected; for it is supposed that a shrew-mouse is of so baneful and deleterious a nature that wherever it creeps over a beast, be it horse, cow, or sheep, the suffering animal is afflicted with cruel anguish and threatened with the loss of the use of the limb.

PERFORATED BEANS.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: These beans were in a desk drawer for several months. We kept finding these little insects around the house, but did not know where they came from until we found the beans in this condition. Can you tell me what the insects are?

Very truly yours,

ELIZABETH PILLING (age 8).

Herewith is a photograph of the contents of the box you sent. It shows the perforated beans, the microscopic bean "chips" (the fine powder on and around the beans), and the holes. The insects show as black spots in the bean powder. These little insects are known as bean-weevils (*Bruchus obsoletus*).

In all such chipping-out holes, whether by insects or woodpeckers, it is surprising that the diameter is so uniform and the sides so smooth. The insect or bird does the work as nicely as if the hole were cut with a revolving tool, like a drill, bit, or auger. As an excellent example of this, see the picture of the perforated wood, page 652, Nature and Science for May, 1903.



THE PERFORATED BEANS.

The black spots in the rough-appearing powdery chippings surrounding the beans are the insects that cut the holes. The beans, the chippings, and the insects were poured on white cardboard (that had been smeared with glue) and then photographed.

VERY TALL GOLDENROD.

ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Around my home is a good deal of goldenrod. This afternoon we had a piece measuring seven feet three inches, and I should like to know if any of your readers ever saw a taller piece.

Your devoted reader,

ANNIE B. BRIGGS (age 13).

This is among the very tallest. Britton and Brown's "Illustrated Flora," in a long list of varieties of goldenrod, mentions only four as exceeding this. One of these is described as "one to seven and a half feet"; the other three are "two to eight feet." Eight feet seems to be the limit.

WOODCOCK AND SNIPE.

SAWKILL, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to ask Nature and Science a question. What difference is there be-



THE WOODCOCK.

tween the birds called woodcocks and those called snipes? I have been told that snipe is only another name for a woodcock; indeed, all the farmers near here assure me of the fact (?): but still I am not satisfied. My belief is that the snipe is a different bird but of the same family or species. I think it has a longer bill and its body is not formed similar to that of the woodcock. Am I not right?

Yours very sincerely,

MABEL C. STARK (age 14).

There is quite a long list of birds known as snipe, but the one most commonly regarded as the snipe is the Wilson's snipe (*Gallinago delicata*).

There is only one American bird called woodcock; this (*Philohela minor*) is entirely distinct from the various snipe, yet is of similar appearance. From this resemblance, or snipe-like appearance, the woodcock is incorrectly named (or perhaps we ought to say nick-



THE WILSON'S SNIPE.

named) blind snipe, wall-eyed snipe, mud snipe, big-headed snipe, wood snipe, whistling snipe, etc.

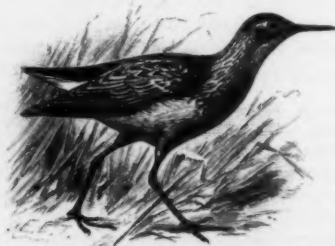
The various true snipe, the one woodcock (not really a snipe, but resembling them), and various sandpipers that also have long bills and bore in the mud, all belong to one family (*Scolopacidae*).

All these birds have somewhat similar appearance and habits. They frequent lowlands or plowed lands, such as corn-fields, where the soil is soft, so that they can use their long bills in probing for worms or insects, etc.

The Wilson's snipe is smaller, trimmer of figure, and a better flier than the woodcock.

Dr. A. K. Fisher says of the woodcock: "This much sought game-bird is in danger of extermination from the barbarous custom of hunting it in spring and summer just before and during the breeding season."

Of the pectoral sandpiper, a member of this snipe family, Frank Chapman says: "It frequents wet grassy meadows rather than beaches, and, although it flies in flocks, the birds scatter while feeding, and take wing one or more at a time. Thus they remind one of Wilson's Snipe."

THE PECTORAL SANDPIPER.
Sometimes called "grass-snipe."

PARTRIDGE FEATHERS.

HONESDALE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We had a partridge the other day, and I noticed that every feather is double. I will inclose a few to show you what I mean. Is that the case with all birds that remain in the north during the cold weather? It is nice to think of the birds being so well provided for during the winter, is it not?

Your friend,

ETHEL LEE.



THE DOUBLE PARTRIDGE FEATHERS.

The "double feather" has nothing to do with climate. It is found well developed in parts of the plumage of certain groups of birds, and is entirely lacking in others. Properly speaking, the smaller feather is a regular part of the complete feather, known as the "after-shaft." It is entirely lost in the feathers of the wing and tail, and in the body-plumage of many species, but in the grouse family it is well developed, and in the emu is as large as the main shaft. —WITMER STONE.

THE FASCINATION OF NATURE AND SCIENCE.

THE BOULDERS, WATCH HILL, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Any child liking fairy stories will like natural history, for under your own eyes are things more strange and wonderful than were ever told in a fairy tale, and these are true. When you read about the miracles performed in olden times, you think, "How strange!" but you do not stop to notice nature, who is as strange as miracles under your own eyes.

Do you ever wish you were a magician? Nature is a magician also. Go to her and you will see how everything is provided and cared for, and you will under-

stand how great a magician she is.

HELEN GREENE
(age 11).WHELK EGGS AND
THEIR CASES.LAMBERTVILLE,
N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As we all believe that you know everything, will you not tell us about these queer shells? They were found on the beach at Atlantic City. I inclose just a few. They appear to come in long strings, as we have one string about ten inches long, and there are larger ones than that. They taper toward the end of the string. I am exceedingly anxious to see my letter answered in the Nature and Science department.

I am, your ever interested reader,

ELIZABETH A. GEST.

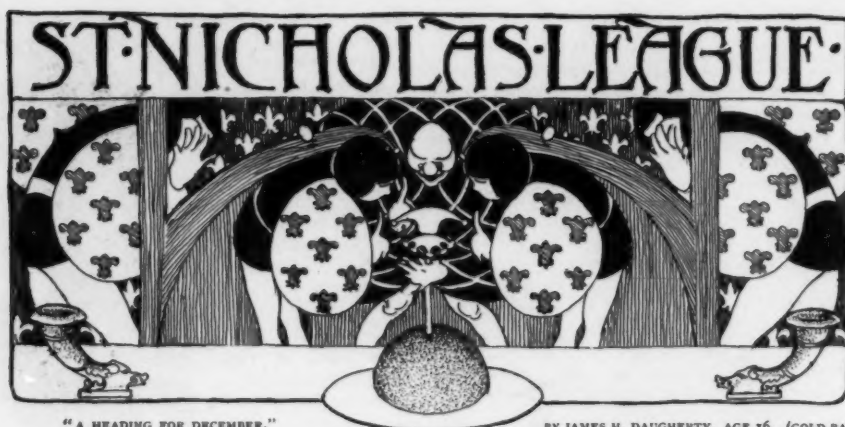


WHELK EGG-CASES.

The specimens you send are whelk egg-cases. The short string of cases with the square edges are of the whelk known to scientists as *Fulgur carica*; those in the longer string with

ONE OF THE CASES OPENED, AND THE
TINY SHELLS DROPPING OUT.

sharp edges are of the *Fulgur canaliculata*. The square-edged cases are especially attractive. By cutting nearly around the rim with a knife or scissors, one side may be lifted as if it were the cover of a tiny box. The tiny shells are packed, though rather loosely, but without any apparent order, in this box, making the whole appear somewhat like a dainty bonbon-box well filled.



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER."

BY JAMES H. DAUGHERTY, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY AGNES CHURCHILL LACY (AGE 15).

(Cash Prize.)

It was midnight on the hilltop, and the fire was dim and low,	As the angel-vision vanished and the song grew faint and far,
While the weary shepherds slumbered round the embers' dying glow,	Clear and radiant in the heavens steadfast shone the guiding star;
When a light shone round about them, brighter far than light of day,	Then they traveled on and onward till they reached the lonely shed
And they saw an angel standing in its pure and living ray.	Where the King of all the nations in a manger laid his head.
He was dressed in white apparel and his face was gravely sweet,	And the night was hushed and holy, while the star shone over them,
And he spake unto them gently as they bowed them at his feet.	And the angel-song rang softly, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"
"Fear ye not," for they were troubled; "news of peace and joy I bring:	Nineteen hundred years have fled since the shepherds heard that song,
For to-night in David's city Christ is born, your Lord and King."	Since Judea's hills were brightened by the presence of that throng;
As he spoke, adown the heavens, borne as on the ocean's swell,	But adown the distant ages, when the Christmas-time draws near,
Angel forms came floating nearer, angel voices rose and fell:	And our hearths and homes are brightened with the Christmas warmth and cheer,—
"Unto God the highest glory. Peace on earth. To men good will,"	When our hearts with love grow warmer as the light glows in a gem,—
Pealed the anthem, that triumphant echoes down the ages still.	Softly steals the angels' message, "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

AMONG all evenings in the year, and all the days, there is no other evening like Christmas eve, no other day like Christmas day. Whether the eve and the day be dark and stormy, or still and fair, does not matter. The difference is not in the weather or the season, but in that more subtle atmosphere which, from generation to generation through all the centuries, has been our inheritance from that first Christmas eve and day when a new-born Babe sent its wailing cry from the manger of Bethlehem.

The world looks different through this Christmas atmosphere. However festive or sad the occasion, however gay or gloomy the streets may be, whatever may be

our surroundings, the Christmas feeling is there. No one may say just wherein it lies. It is like an unseen halo that glorifies and makes holy every good thought and impulse, while it reveals in darker relief whatever is tragic, unworthy, or vicious. A great disaster on Christmas eve or day shocks us as it does at no other season; a great joy comes in that sweet raiment of gladness that only Christmas brings. Through nineteen centuries has this light lingered round the hearts of men, and through all those ages it has not grown dim. Year after year slips by and is added to the past. But with each Christmas eve and day our homes and our highways are once more filled with the old, sweet joy — the halo from that star which rose o'er Bethlehem.

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 48.

IN making awards, contributors' ages are considered.
Versé. Cash prize, **Agnes Churchill Lacy** (age 15), care of Tootle Lemon National Bank, St. Joseph, Mo.

Gold badge, **Beulah H. Ridgeway** (age 14), 574 Carlton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Margaret Drew** (age 8), St. Anthony Park, Minn., and **Aline Murray** (age 15), Metuchen, N. J.

Prose. Gold badges, **Lester M. Beattie** (age 15), 120 E. Main St., Norwalk, Ohio, and **Lorena Mary McDermott** (age 12), St. Jo, Texas.

Silver badges, **Louise Lytle Kimball** (age 10), 5309 Westminster St., Pittsburg, Pa., and **Margaret B. Richardson** (age 11), 92 Bayard St., New Brunswick, N. J.

Drawing. Gold badges, **James H. Daugherty** (age 16), 2145 N St., N. W., Washington, D. C., and **Ralph G. Heard** (age 14), 27 Green St., Hudson, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Dorothy Ochtman** (age 11), Coscob, Conn., **Florence Ewing Wilkinson** (age 14), Kirkham Ave., Webster Grove, Mo., and **Katherine Bagaley** (age 9), Palmer, Fla.

Photography. Cash prize, **Kenneth Howie** (age 17), 48 Sedgwick St., Mount Ary, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gold badges, **Canema Bowers** (age 16), Montpelier, Vt., and **Marjorie C. Newell** (age 14), 9 Hovey St., Gloucester, Mass.

Silver badges, **Alice Garland** (age 14), 227 Newberry St., Boston, Mass., **Karl Dodge** (age 11), "The Osborne," 58th St. and 7th Ave., New York City, and **Hardenia R. Fletcher** (age 12), Accomac, Va.

Wild-animal and Bird

Photography. First prize, "Deer," by **Ruth H. Caldwell** (age 14), 20 Ridgewood Place, Springfield, Mass.

Second prize, "Auk," by **Ada G. Kendall** (age 14), 215 W. Park St., Portland, Ore.

Third prize, "Sea-gull," by **George Davenport Hayward** (age 14), 165 Newberry St., Boston, Mass.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Daisy James** (age 17), 4 Meadow Field, Dewsbury, Yorkshire, England, and **Marjorie Holmes** (age 14), 704 Palafox St., Pensacola, Fla.

Silver badges, **Ethel Paine** (age 13), 1401 Wood Ave., Colorado Springs, Col., and **Jean C. Freeman** (age 13), 1115 E. Capitol St., Washington, D. C.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badge, **Laura E. Jones** (age 15), 1845 Arlington Place, Chicago, Ill.

Silver badge, **Lillian G. Leete** (age 13), 64 Alexandrine Ave., W., Detroit, Mich.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY LESTER M. BEATTIE (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

ON a day late in November, 1620, a sailing-vessel bearing the name "Mayflower" was approaching land just off Cape Cod, on the coast of New England. The day was a cold, bleak, stormy one, the wind driving the waves high up on the shore. That part of the country was then destitute of civilization, and the one hundred men, women, and children on board the Mayflower were the first white people to settle there permanently. Having separated from the Church of England, to which the king had tried to compel their allegiance, they came to America, where they might enjoy religious liberty. They were pilgrims, going far away to make their home in a strange land.

A few weeks after they had landed, on December 21, some of the men of the company made their way westward from the cape, and found a fine harbor on the shore of the mainland; so at this place the Pilgrims



"HAPPINESS." BY KENNETH HOWIE, AGE 17. (CASH PRIZE.)

made their settlement, and called it Plymouth, in memory of the good old English town from which they had sailed.

During the first winter nearly half the colonists died; but when the Mayflower returned to England in the spring of 1621, not one Pilgrim went back. But they all gathered at the shore when the ship departed, and, as Longfellow says:

"Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
 Much endeared to them all as something living and human;
 Then, as if filled with the Spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,
 Baring his hoary head, the excellent elder of Plymouth
 Said, 'Let us pray!' and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took courage."

The St. Nicholas League membership is free.
 Any reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, will be sent a League badge and instruction leaflet on application.

It is this courage that is the most wonderful and commendable of all the good qualities of the Pilgrims. With hearts strong and true they so faithfully bore the hardships and sufferings of their lives that we honor them as much as any other people in American history. Even the Indians and the terrible winters could not drive them away: they remained; and the influence of their brave example has spread over our whole country. Plymouth Rock, on which the Pilgrim fathers landed, has been called the "stepping-stone of New England." But I think that a better name would be, the "corner-stone of the American republic."

MY FAVORITE EPI- SODE IN HISTORY.

BY LORENA MARY McDER-
MOTT (AGE 12).

(Gold Badge.)

THE battle of the Alamo was fought March 6, 1836, in San Antonio, Texas, in an old stone mission built in the earlier Texas days.

This bloody battle was fought by a mere handful of the Texas garrison against the Mexicans, who had the advantage of them, both in men and armament. General



"HAPPINESS." BY CANEMA BOWERS, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

Travis was in charge when he heard that Santa Anna, the "Napoleon of the West," as he proudly called himself, was coming to make the attack. Travis sent a message for aid, but reinforcements did not get there in time.

The noble general did not tell his men until the last hour, when he said: "We must die soon, and we have three ways of choosing the manner of our death. We can try to escape, and be slaughtered before we can get half through the enemy's ranks; we can surrender, and be shot; or we can stay here and fight. Every man may do as he pleases; but I, for one, would rather stay here and sell our lives as dearly as possible."

After he finished this speech, he drew a line across the floor, and said: "Those who are willing to stay and fight with me step across this line." All eagerly went to the other side except one man.

Soon after, Santa Anna and his army came. Some of his men wanted to fall back, but Santa Anna ordered every one to be shot who did so. There was a valiant fight on the Texas side, but at last they were overcome, and there was not one man of the brave band left standing to tell the story.

Those immortal Texas names, Travis, Bowie, Bonham, and Crockett, are dear to every liberty-loving Texan.

Texas is now one of the leading States, whose liberty was purchased by the blood of her brave sons, who fought valiantly for it until it was wrested from the grasp of her enemies. This is why all native Texans love the story of the Alamo.

THE SPIRIT OF THE CHRISTMAS-TIME.

BY BEULAH H. RIDGEWAY (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

IN the heavens the stars are shining, while upon the earth below

Their bright glory is reflected on the pure new-fallen snow.

Far away the chimes of church bells borne upon the frosty air

Peal a welcome to the people who have come to worship there;



"HAPPINESS." BY KARL DODGE, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



"HAPPINESS." BY MARJORIE C. NEWELL, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

While the spirit of the Christmas-time again and yet again,
Seems repeated in the anthem, "Peace on earth, good
will to men!"

Oh, that message by the angels given once so long ago
To the shepherds as they watched their flocks upon the
plains below

Comes down through all the centuries and makes the
whole world kin!

For the spirit of the Christmas-time each heart will
enter in;

And to all men alike it comes again and yet again;
It rings out in the anthem, "Peace on earth, good will
to men!"

And heavy hearts grow lighter and care-worn faces bright,
And troubles are forgotten in the glow of Christmas light;
For old and young, for rich and poor, it rings from
shore to shore;

It's come through all the ages to bring joy for ever-
more;

'T is the spirit of the Christmas-time again and yet
again;

We hear it in the anthem, "Peace on earth, good will
to men!"

League members should replace their lost or broken badges.
New ones are sent free. This offer does not include prize
badges.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY LOUISE LYTLE KIMBALL (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

FORT HENRY was built on the Ohio River, near Wheel-
ing. During the Revolutionary War some Indians
who were fighting on the English side attacked Fort
Henry and tried to take it. All the men outside were
killed. The women and children of the village had all

gone to the fort for safety. When the Indians made the
fiercest attack there were
only twelve men in the fort.
They had made up their
minds to save the lives of
the women and children.
Every man could shoot a
rifle, and they had guns
enough, but very little gun-
powder, so they never fired
unless they were sure of
hitting some one. The In-
dians kept shooting all the
time. After fighting a long
time, the Indians went into
the woods to rest. The
white men found that they
had used nearly all their
gunpowder. They now be-
gan to wish for a keg of
gunpowder they had left
in a house outside. They
knew that whoever went
for it would be seen and
fired at by the Indians.
The colonel called his men
together, and told them
that he did not want to
make any one go for it,
but he would like to have
some one offer to go.

Three or four young men offered to go. The colonel
told them they must decide among themselves. But
not one of them was willing to give up. Then a girl
walked forward and said, "Let me go for the gunpow-
der." The young men were astonished. The colonel
said, "No." And her friends asked her not to go.



"HAPPINESS." BY ALICE GARLAND, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



"DEER." BY RUTH H. CALDWELL, AGE 14. (FIRST PRIZE,
"WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

"You have n't enough men in the fort now," she said, "and if I am killed you will be as brave and strong as before"; and she went. The gate was opened just wide enough for her to get out. When she got to the house, she poured the gunpowder into her apron, and started back. The Indians fired at her, but missed her. The gate was opened, and she got in. And when you think of the Revolutionary War, always remember that one of the best fighters in that war was Elizabeth Zane.

MY LAST CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

BY MARGARET DREW (AGE 8).

(Silver Badge.)

'T WAS Polly, my dolly, I dressed for the fair;
She has pretty blue eyes and light curly hair.
I took all the stitches so nice and so neat,
And when she was dressed she looked very sweet.
Thousands of people passed her by
When she was sitting there so high,
And said, "How pretty—that dolly!"
And 't was just my Polly!

THE STORY OF MOLLY PITCHER.

BY MARGARET B. RICHARDSON (AGE 11).

(Silver Badge.)

My favorite episode in history is the battle of Monmouth, where Molly Pitcher so distinguished herself. Molly was with her husband—a cannoneer—in the many battles he fought, for she scorned housework. She was with him in the battle of Monmouth, supplying him with water from a spring near by. He was fresh and cool, while others were parched with thirst that midsummer day of June 28, 1778, until he was killed by a ball shot from the English side. Then Molly showed her courage. She slipped into her husband's coat and put on his hat, and just as the men were going to roll the cannon away, Molly stepped up and said, "I will take my husband's place"; and before the astonished soldiers could stop her she had stepped to the cannon.

One would think that Molly would have been overcome with grief at her husband's death, but Molly had a soldier's spirit inside a woman's heart; so she loaded and fired the gun all through the rest of the day, to the great admiration of all the men.

The next day General Greene went to see Molly, and found her all stained with dirt and powder, as she had been the day of the battle. He led her to General Washington, who was very much pleased at her brave act; and though he did not generally give commissions to women, he did to Molly. He made her sergeant, and had her name put on the list of half-pay officers for life.

The French regiment on the American side invited Molly (or Captain Molly, as she was called) to review their troops. She did so, and as she walked up and down the line, with her hat in her hand, almost every man dropped a piece of money into it.

Molly did not live long after her last but most famous battle.

It is now one hundred and twenty-five years since this brave woman fought on the Monmouth battle-field; and one reason why this is my favorite episode in history is because the battle was fought very near our town.



"AUK." BY ADA G. KENDALL, AGE 14. (SECOND PRIZE,
"WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

CHRISTMAS.

BY ALINE MURRAY (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

THE snow lies deep on the moorlands,
The night sinks gently down,
While the chill wind's sad vibrations
Shake the forest bare and brown;
But although the night is dreary,
There 's a glory in the skies;
For, behold, the little Christ-child
In a manger lowly lies.

Oh, wild winds, carry the
story,
And spread the tidings
afar

That the birth of the King
of Glory
Is heralded by a star!

Oh, angels, with exultation
Sing loud your praises
sweet

While the wise men haste
from distant lands

To worship at his feet!
For he was by angels wel-
comed,

And by prophets long
foretold,

So they travel far through the gloomy night
To offer him myrrh and gold.



"SEA-GULL." BY GEORGE DAVENPORT HAYWARD, AGE 14.
(THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

the dim lantern's rays dis-
closed a young woman rest-
ing on fragrant hay amidst
the gently breathing oxen,
with a baby on her arm,
and that baby was the
Prince of Peace.

The great light which
flooded the dark, silent hill
where the shepherds guard-
ed their flock at the same
moment that the Christ
came into the world, as a
little child, to seek and
save, was symbolic of the
greater light which then
flooded the whole world

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY MURIEL BACHELER (AGE 12).

BEFORE describing my favorite episode, I will speak of some of the circumstances preceding it. It was a period of great mental and spiritual darkness in all nations. The poorer classes of men were trodden down and shamefully oppressed by rich tyrants. The religions of that time were many and varied. Yet there was not one true faith, one comforting, life-giving belief, existing. Sin and cruelty there were on every hand.

In a certain small village, one night was unusually peaceful for those tumultuous times. All the world seemed waiting in an expectant hush. The moon shone with a beautiful luster everywhere, yet shone with peculiar brightness on a humble shed. Peace without, but greater peace within, this lowly cattle-shed. For here



"HAPPINESS." BY HARDENIA R. FLETCHER, AGE 12.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"HAPPINESS IN ASIA MINOR." BY EDITH C. HOUSTON, AGE 14.

and changed gloomy night into dawn. That dawn has been growing brighter and brighter till, eventually, it will become brilliant day.

I have not chosen, as my favorite episode in history, a famous battle, or the discovery of new, strange lands, greatly as such events shape the world's future. Instead, I have chosen the birth of a little child, because ultimately the battles and discoveries shall sink into oblivion, while this glad episode of Christmas day will be rapturously told by every tongue.

BOBBIE'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

BY ELLIOT QUINCY ADAMS (AGE 15).

"WHAT! not any snow on Christmas day?"

Poor little Bobbie said.

He expected a sled all painted gay,
And he wanted to try that sled.

The week before Christmas brought no snow,
For the air, though cold, was clear,
And the mist that rose when the sun was low
With the stars would disappear.

On Christmas eve in his little cot,
By the night-lamp burning dim,
He dreamed 'mongst the presents that Santa brought
Was a snowfall white for him.

The others their stockings had emptied with glee
When he woke from his dream at last;
A glimpse through the window—how glad was he!
It was snowing thick and fast!

DOT'S FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY DOROTHY FERRIER (AGE 11).

"EDITH," said Helen to her sister, who was reading, "what is your favorite episode in history?"

"Well," said Edith, "I don't know that I ever thought of it." But here they were interrupted by their little sister Dot:

"What does episode mean?"

"Episode means an event," answered Edith.

"Well, then, my favorite is the War of the Roses."

"Why, when did you ever hear of the War of the Roses?" asked Edith, taking Dot in her lap.

"I heard Helen talking about it to one of her school friends, and I think it must have been lovely to have seen them fighting with roses, don't you, Edith?"

At this her two sisters laughed heartily, but Edith hastened to explain: "They did n't fight with roses, Dot; they used guns."

"Why did they call it the War of the Roses, then?" she asked, getting more interested. "Tell me all about it."

"Well," said Edith, "the war was in England, and it was not a war between different countries; it was a civil war."

"But I don't know what a civil war is," said Dot.

"It's a war where, instead of two countries fighting each other, the people of one country quarrel and divide, and engage in war among themselves."

"War is a very terrible thing, so many men get killed and wounded. And civil war is the worst kind, be-



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY MELTON R. OWEN, AGE 16.

cause the people that should be loving and fighting for each other are fighting against each other. Sometimes it is different, and civil wars are to keep the country together or banish some evil. But in the War of the Roses they were just selfishly fighting for the throne.

"The two sides were York and Lancaster, and instead of taking the flag of the country, as they do in wars between different countries, they each took a rose, which is the emblem of England."

"The Yorkists took a white rose and the Lancasters a red rose."

"That is the reason they called it the 'War of the Roses.'"

"How long ago was it, Edith?" inquired Dot.

"Four hundred and fifty years ago," said Edith. "I will tell you more about it some other day, and then perhaps you will change your mind about your favorite episode."

AT CHRISTMAS.

BY PHILIP STARK (AGE 13).

I HEAR the sound of Christmas bells
That chime so sweet and clear;
The old familiar carols greet
The closing of the year.

The wild sweet chimes seem to repeat
Again and yet again
The words that tell of faith and trust,
Of peace, good will to men.

Each year the olden melody
Rings out from belfries high,
And soon a peaceful quiet reigns
Beneath the starlit sky.

Long years ago a twinkling star
Shone brighter far than day;
It guided them—the wise men brave—
To where the Christ-child lay.



"A HOME SKETCH." BY JESSIE J. WHITCOMB, AGE 17.

A lowly manger for a crib
Where slept the infant
King;
While o'er his head a halo
shone—
Oh, happy angels, sing!

Ring on, glad bells
of Christmas-
time!
Proclaim to all
again:
"Glory to God in
the highest,
And peace, good
will to men!"



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY RUTH E. CROMBIE,
AGE 15.

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY FREDERICK CROSS (AGE 15).

EVERY American has heard of Paul Revere, and every American has read the stirring lines of Longfellow's poem:

"He said to his friend, 'If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light.'"

But who was this friend? Few people know of him. He was one of the unknown heroes of the Revolutionary War! His name was Robert Newman, and he lived in a corner house a few rods away from the Old North Church.

On the evening of the 18th of April, in 1775, he wandered here and there until dark, watching all movements the British troops made.

When he had been convinced that they were going by boat to the Charlestown shore, he hastened to the church, unlocked the door, entered, and locked it behind him.

Taking his lanterns, he mounted the stairs, climbed the ladder to the belfry, hung the lights, and started down.

When about half-way down he heard the "red-coats" beating on the door with the butts of their muskets and shouting loudly for admittance.

They had seen the lanterns, knew that some one was signaling, and were going to catch that "rebel."

Newman, knowing full well the danger of falling into their hands, ran down the rest of the flight, hastened through the church aisles, and jumped through a back window just as the door fell.

After alighting, the signaler dodged through shrubbery and alleys, and, reaching his home unmolested, barred the door and crept into bed.

The British, after knocking the doors in and finding no one, supposed it was Newman (for he was known as a signaler), started for his house, and arriving there, began to beat upon the door.

His wife, hearing the noise, put her head out the

window, and seeing the group of hated "lobster-backs," inquired:

"What do ye, thieves, waking honest people this time of night?"

"Call us not thieves, for we came for your brave

husband," they sneeringly retorted. Then she replied:

"He tarried but a moment, and is gone."

Upon hearing this bit of news the soldiers departed, but presently returned and demanded to search the house.

They came upon Newman, and dragging him out, made him dress and took him before General Gage.

But he was afterward released, and soon entered a Massachusetts regiment and the Continental Army.

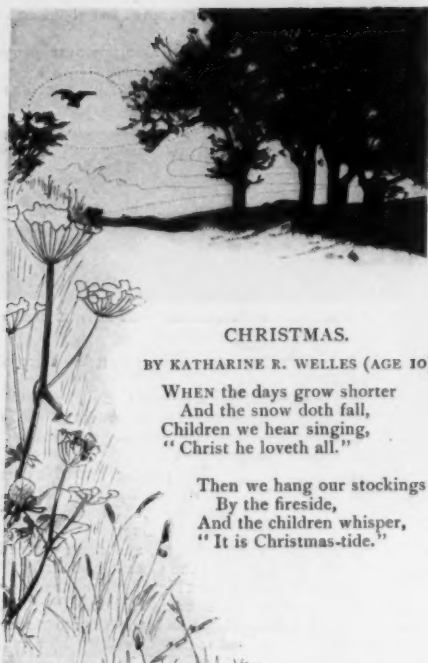
Such was the deed of Robert Newman, unknown hero.

The house in which he lived is still standing, but is converted into a bake-shop; and the church window through which he escaped is now closed up by a painting of John Adams.

Every reader of *St. Nicholas* should be a member of the St. Nicholas League, and every member of the League should belong to a chapter.



"HAPPINESS." BY GROVER T. CORNING, AGE 17.



"THE HOME OF BIRD AND BEE."
BY MARY ISABEL WOOD, AGE 17.

CHRISTMAS.

BY KATHARINE R. WELLES (AGE 10).

WHEN the days grow shorter
And the snow doth fall,
Children we hear singing,
"Christ he loveth all."

Then we hang our stockings
By the fireside,
And the children whisper,
"It is Christmas-tide."

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY ALICE BRAUNLICH (AGE 15).

WHEN the Carthaginians, with the aid of the Spartan Xanthippus, defeated the Romans in one of the battles of the first Punic war, Regulus, consul and commander of the Roman forces, was taken prisoner and brought to Carthage.

Here he was kept for two years, pining in captivity.

At last the tide of battle turned; the Romans were victorious. The enemy, disheartened by the loss of many of their possessions, sent Regulus back to his home to make peace. He was promised his liberty if he should be successful.

Regulus went to the gates of Rome as commanded, but refused to enter, saying:

"I am no longer a Roman citizen. I am but the barbarians' slave, and the Senate may not give audience to strangers within the walls."

His wife and his two sons came out to meet him, rejoicing that he had at last returned home. Imagine how sorry they were when they learned under what circumstances he had come!

He met the Senate outside the walls of Rome. After the Carthaginian ambassadors had spoken,

his turn came. "Conscript fathers," he said, "being a slave to the Carthaginians, I come, on the part of my masters, to treat with you concerning peace." When asked his opinion, he advised the Romans to continue the war, and not even to exchange prisoners; for the Carthaginian generals, he said, who were in the possession of the Romans, were healthy and strong, while he himself was worn out by long imprisonment.

Even the stern Romans were surprised to hear a man argue thus against himself, and were unwilling that Regulus should be put into the power of the Carthaginians. The chief priest declared that, since the oath had been forced upon Regulus, he was not by duty bound to keep it. However, the latter was determined to return to imprisonment, to suffer the punishments which the Carthaginians would inflict, and which he knew would end in his death.

What need to comment upon the brave deed of Regulus? The story speaks for itself. The man who will die for his country is great; but the man who, like Regulus, will endure captivity, torture, as well as death, for his fatherland—that man is a true patriot.

CHRISTMAS-TIME.

BY HAROLD R. NORRIS (AGE 10).

In the merry Christmas season,
With the children flocking nigh,
While the bells are ringing sweetly
Far above us in the sky,

"He is coming! He is coming!"

Cry the children, every one.

"Here comes Santa! Here comes Santa!
Now for dolls and toys and fun."

And the saint, with cheeks of crimson,
While his furs are dingy brown,
Comes with bags of toys and presents—
Through the chimney he comes down.

CHRISTMAS-TIME.

BY GEORGE W. CRONYN (AGE 15).

With Accompanying Picture.

SOME rave and sing of "sweetest spring,"
Of "breeze and bird and bee,"

Of "glancing showers" and
"dancing flowers"—

But Christmas-time 's for me.

Some moan and sigh for "summer sky,"

For "roses and sweet pea,"
For "shady trees" and "playful breeze"—

But Christmas-time 's for me.

Some like the fall, the blackbird's call,

And hail Jack Frost with glee,
And "pumpkin-pie" and "autumn sky"—

But Christmas-time 's for me.

For then comes the cold, when
the year grows old,

And the earth is sad to see
In her funeral gown of white and brown—

But Christmas-time 's for me.



NEW LEAGUE CHAPTERS.

Now is the time to form chapters, as Entertainment Competition No. 3 will be announced very soon.

No. 673. "Busy Bees." Edith Helles, President; Helena McMullin, Secretary; six members. Address, 2631 Brighton Ave., Los Angeles, California.

No. 674. Margaret Brown, President; Helen Tripp, Secretary; three members. Address, 307 Main St., Phoenixville, Pa.

No. 675. "Kris Kringle." Minnie Chase, President; Elsie Philip, Secretary; sixteen members. Address, Bluehill, Me.

No. 676. "Pioneers." Hjalmer Nicander, President; Edward White, Secretary; six members. Address, 64 Asylum St., New Haven, Conn.

No. 677. "Girls' Southern Band." Catherine Findar, President; three members. Address, 411 Ashley St., Valdosta, Ga.

No. 678. Vivian Dowdell, President; Beula Hines, Secretary; ten members. Address, Preston, Minn.

No. 679. "Happy Quartette." Claire Eckersley, President; Madge Denison, Secretary; four members. Address, Box 34, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont., Canada.

No. 680. "The Trio." Sallie Barnwell, President; Nettie Barnwell, Secretary; three members. Address, Hendersonville, N. C.

No. 681. "V. I. C." Marguerite Spratt, Secretary; seven members. Address, 555 5th Ave., Helena, Mont.

No. 682. "Goldenrod." Dorothy Kuhns, President; Anna Berryhill, Secretary; four members. Address, 550 Portland Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

No. 683. "Sherwood Foresters." Mollie Saxton, President; Florence Greenhalgh, Secretary; five members. Address, Denehurst, 12 Baker St., Nottingham, England.

LEAGUE NOTES.

Katherine A. Page, Teaneck Road, Englewood, N. J., would like to hear again from the League member who wrote to her last summer. She has lost the letter and forgotten the address.

The St. Nicholas League does not find that it has space enough for an exchange column. We are very sorry, therefore, to be obliged to omit the many notices of stamps, post-cards, etc., offered in exchange.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have received my beautiful gold badge, after some little delay caused by my being out of town, and want to thank you not only for it, but for the long months of work that at last has been successful. I am glad that my badge did not come when first I commenced to work for it—nearly three years ago, just after I earned the silver one; for I know that the many disappointments, though they were hard, helped me on to do the work that has resulted in my owning this beautiful pin. I thank you, how much it is impossible to say.

Ever your most devoted reader
and League member,
ELLEN DUNWOODY.

HILLTOP FARM, LITTLE-
TON, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take the ST. NICHOLAS and like it very much.

I am eleven years old and I have just made up a little verse which I inclose:

EVENING SONG.

At evening when the sun is low
The hermit-thrush's song is
heard;

I wish my little song might go
As far and high as that dear
bird.

I hope I can write something
good enough for the League next
time. Sincerely yours,

ELIZABETH ADAMS.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The badge is beautiful and I am delighted with it; all my friends are, too.

The first I knew of my winning the prize was when I read of it in the morning paper, and I can tell you I was surprised; I hardly knew whether to laugh or cry.

VOL. XXXI.—24.



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY RALPH G. HEARD, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

The only trouble is that the pin is so nice I hate to wear it for fear of losing it.

I hope sometime to win a gold badge, but at present am content with my silver one. Your loving reader, ALLEINE LANGFORD.

Other interesting letters have been received from Phoebe Hunter,

Daisy James, Vivien Dowdell, Dorothy G. Thayer, Mary D. Bergen, Karl M. Mann, Melton R. Owen, Pauline K. Angell, Alma Jean Wing, Isabel M. Clark, Sidonia Deutsch, Edwin E. Bolte, Herbert Steiner, Marion E. Lane, Lillian Jackson, Helen Gwynell Rogers, B. Haselman, John Griffin Penny-packer, Marie Harari, Virginia Jones, Irene E. Dearnley, Catherine Findar, Alan Gregg, Emilie A. Ide, Mildred S. Huntington, Lewis Seymour, Katherine H. Stout, Florence C. Ingalls, Anna Culver, Ruth Harriet, Amelia S. Ferguson, Ruth Helen Brierley, William N. Coupland, Douglas Trowbridge, Elizabeth B. G. Fowler, Alice Lorraine Andrews, Charles Josef Carey, Fred Graf, Edith M. Andrews, Philip Stark, Rebecca Chilcott, Bessie Marshall, H. Constance Campbell, Jean Herbert, Eugenie B. Baker, Susan Mollenox, Gertrude H. Henry, Flora H. Boggs, Grace Hawthorne Bliss, Yula Latuke, Grace Lendingham, Mabel Fletcher, Dorothy H. Kuhns, Winifred A. Shaw, Mary Cromer, Louise K. Cowdrey, Frances Renshaw Latuke, J. C. Prewitz, Susan W. Wilbur, Warren Haynes, William P. Anderson, E. Daniels, Shirley Wilis, Fred W. Haserick, Ruth P. Brown, Helen Scobier, B. Blake, and Kenneth Howie.



"A HOME SKETCH." BY FLORENCE EWING WILKINSON. (AGE 14.)

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.



December

VERSE 1.

Clara Shanafelt
Ruth Gardiner
Susan Warren Wilbur
A. Eleanor Clifton
L. Beatrice Todd
Irma Jessie Diescher
Louisa F. Spear
Brewer Goodsell
Jessie Freeman Foster
Harriet Gage
A. Elizabeth Goldberg
Ruth Reeder
Marguerite Stuart
Harriet Evelyn Works
Horace Hotchkiss
Hobly
Emily Rose Burt
Conrad P. Aiken
Lillian E. Van Wert
Mary Yeula Westcott
Marjorie Macy
Margaret C. Richey
Helen Greene
Harriet Fox
Seward C. Simons
Marian Elizabeth Case
Frances Cobb Minor
Dorothy Lenroot
Alison Winslow
Mary Blossom Bloss
Margaret Merriam
Sherwood
Helen Drew
Frances Paine
Louis Stix Weiss
Eva Levy

VERSE 2.

Marguerite Borden
Marjory C. Todd
Mildred Palmer
Helen Spear
Miriam C. Gould
Katherine Kurz
Dorothy Stevens
Mabel Guernsey
Bessie Salyer
Ellen Dorothy Bach
Laura Wells
Irma Castle Hanford
Eunice M. Schoff
Helen D. Bailey
Ruth Havenner Darden
Lucie C. Jones
Catherine Montgomery
Elizabeth Clarke
Mary Van Wormer
Clara P. Pond
Helen D. Bell
Helen E. Eberle
Lillie McConnell
Florence Gage Hutton
Christine Graham
Ruth T. Abbott
Carolyn Coit Stevens

DRAWINGS 1.

Melville Coleman Levey
May Wilson Ball
Ruth M. Keran
Elsie Urquhart
Jacob Salzman
Mildred Curran-Smith
Emily B. Melcher
Helen E. Jacoby
Nancy Barnhart
Julia S. Lovejoy
Bessie B. Styron
Ruth Felt
Lucy Elizabeth B.
Mackenzie
Marjorie L. Gilmour
Meade Bolton
Gladys Ralston Britton
Leticia F. Maxwell
Margery Fulton
Greta T. Frik
Cordner H. Smith
Margaret Dobson
Francis Keeline
Elizabeth Stockton
Harold Helm
William L. Brown
Bessie Townley
Griffith
Rita Wood
Isadore Douglas
Marguerite Eastman
Nancy Hunley
Philip M. Utick
Margaret Tyler
Gladys Nelson
Mary Clarke
Georgina Wood
A. Brooks Lister
Isabella Howland
Edwina Hall

DRAWINGS 2.

Annie Genge
Aimee Vervalen
W. I. Masters
Mary Clarke
Mary Selma Tebault
Alice Josephine Coss
Joseph B. Mazzano
M. Alice Clark
Margaret R. Leland
Helen de Veer
Beatrice Andrews
Joseph McGurk
Mary U. Woodman

Saidee E. Kennedy
Margaret Wright
Clarice E. Smith
Henry Altman
Grace Lois Mailhouse
Walter Swindell Davis
Helen Bagoe
Ethel Messervy
Gladys L'E. Moore
Jane Meldrim
Harriette Burney Burt
Mary L. Crosby
H. M. Conklin
Elsa Falk

Francis A. Chapin
Mildred Eastey
Anne Heap Gleaves
Marjorie Gabain
Elizabeth Coolidge
Christina B. Fisher
Lois Williams
Mary E. B. Jones
Susette Long
Katharine Thompson
Dorothy B. Wilkinson
Katherine D. Barbour
Herman Goebel
Ruth P. Brown
Clara Goods
F. Hosford
Edith Thompson
Robert H. Gibson
Alice Perkins
Charles M. Jones
Dorothy T. Hollister
Marian J. Sherwood
Mary Daniel Gordon
Katherine Gibson
Dorothy Hamilton
Emily W. Browne
Ernest J. Clare
Joan Spencer-Smith
Margaret Spencer-Smith

PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

H. O. Phillips
Amy Eliot Mayo
Eno Hamm
John E. Woodruff
Hilda Proctor
Dorothy Richardson
Charles M. Foulke, Jr.
Heyliger de Windt
Lilla B. Kirby
Marion K. Cobb
Margaret Strauser
Edwin Shoemaker
John H. Hills
M. A. Arpesani
Holden C. Harlow
W. F. Harold Braun
Gertrude W. Smith
Judith Wilkes
Julia H. Shepley
Helen A. Almy
Catherine Delano
Helen F. Carter
Warren H. Smith
Olive A. Granger
Hilda C. Foster

S. R. Jelliffe
George B. Walbridge
Clara Beth Haven
Loring C. Carpenter
J. Arthur Richardson
Marion S. Almy
Lawrence Palmer
L. Evelyn Deering
Morrison N. Stiles
Margaret C. Houston
Arthur Jennings White
Marjorie Parks
James Monaghan, Jr.
Adelaide Gillis
Constance Freeman
Claud S. Hyman
Margaret King
Bessie May Miller
Reynold A. Spaeth
Dorothy Wormser
Emma B. Atherstone

PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Arthur M. McClure
Fannie H. Bickford
Martha G. Schreyer
Elene H. Bensel
Mary F. Jackson
Theoda F. Bush
Charles H. Abbott
Belle Warner Stork
Florence Hoyte
Ruth Helen Brierley
Carolyn C. Bailey
T. Sam Parsons
E. Bunting Moore
Bessie Ballard
Priscilla Mitchell Seeley
Jean Forgans
Roswell M. Curtis
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R. J. Chany
Katharine L. Marvin
Katharine Wadsworth
Isabella Puffer
A. Leonard Jacobi
Charles McKnight
Florence C. Ingalls
Mary P. Damane
Dorothy W. Stanton
Anna M. McKechmie
Morris Douglas
Barbara Horton
Rae H. Ackerson
Louise Tate

Elizabeth P. Dougherty
Henry Reginald Carey
Wardes Cheek
Susan J. Sweetser
Frederick Eckstein
Sylvia Knowles
Charlotte Sperree
Margaret Garthwaite
Betty Lockett
Jessie Dunning
Nancy Coleman
Eleanor Anderson
Dorothy Gray Brooks
Charlie W. Brown
Ruth Garland
W. Caldwell Webb
Rose Heller
Philip A. Barton
Ethel Bailey
Irving Chapman
Kate S. Tillet
H. Leroy Tirrell
Emma Atherstone
Wendell F. Power
Launcelot J. Gamble
Rudolph Willard
Marie Davenport Russell

PROSE 1.

Julia B. Chapin
Mary Thornton
J. Herbert Hodgins
Cula Latzke
Edith Muriel Andrews
Mary Frank Kimball
Nellie Caspary
Florence Lenore Wilbur
Laura Wells
Muriel M. K. E. Douglas
Frances M. F. Randolph
Gladys M. Cornish
Francis E. Gardner
Elizabeth Helm
Alice C. Phillips
Mary Scales Miller
Florence R. T. Smith
Francis Shriver
Anne Cushing
Virginia Livingston Hunt
H. Constance Campbell
Mary E. Cromer
Elizabeth Vardley
Frederick S. Gest
Bessie Binzel
Constance Badger
David B. Campbell
John Rice Miner
Hilda Ryan
Bennie Hasselman
Margaret Marsh
Shirley Willis
Rolli L. Tilton
Charles P. Howard
Dorothy Russell
Edmund Wilson
Irene Weil
Leonard Swain
Lawrence H. Chesno
Willa P. Anderson
Dorothy Cuthbert LeDuc
Sarah Brown
Edna Bennet
Nannie C. Barr
Florence Stinchcomb
Hazel V. Boyd
Florence K. Hanawalt
Franklin Rowland
Buckus
Mildred L. Smith
Dorothy Culver
Erna Klinging
Mary Smith
Charles Steinway



"A HOME SKETCH." BY DOROTHY OCHTMAN. (SILVER BADGE.)

Katharine Lawrence
Putnam
Archibald Campbell
Ada M. Keigwin
Dorothy McKee
Victor N. Lowerre
Sidney Edward Dickinson

Hazel C. Cockroft
Eleanor F. Twining
Ruth P. Teale
Leila A. Haven
Fannie M. Stern
Chalmers Hall
Allen W. Reid
Alice K. Bushnell

Marjorie Browning
Harold Andrews
Phebe Hart-Smith
Philip P. Cole
Charles Ellison, Jr.
Eleanor Kinsey
Fredericka Going
J. H. Knapp, Jr.



"A HOME SKETCH." BY KATHERINE BAGALEY, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

Eugene V. Connell
Nancy Moore

PROSE 2.

Bert Durden
Eleanor Jewett
Anna Marguerite Neuburger
Edward V. White
Jessie E. Wilcox
Isabella Tilford
Rita Wanninger
Louise K. Ball
Robert A. Kilduffe
Luther Dana Fernald
Philip J. Wicksee
Adele Joline Connolly
Alan Cameron McDonald

Evelyn O. Foster
Katharine C. Hood
Alfred Andrews
Paul Mariett
Lewis King Underhill
Della Harmon Varrell
Robert Powell Cotter
Edward Stafford
Elsie F. Weil
Maud E. Dilliard
Elise Lord Bradford
Dorothea Gay
Edith Blain
Marion E. Lane
I. Hortense La Porte
Julia E. Willkie
Mary F. Parsons
Heta Lee Gilmer

Willia Nelson
Ruth Fulton
Fern L. Patten
Helen Froeligh
Signe Swanson
Helen A. Scribner
Hadassah Backus
Florence O'Donnell
Louis Bronson Le Due
Oscar D. Stevenson
Eleanor Hissey
Russell S. Reynolds
Constance Caroline Wilbur
Lester F. Babcock
Alia Lewis
Jessie Pringle Palmer
Helen Hoag
Laura Laurensen

Byrne
Marjorie H. Sawyer
Katharine J. Bailey
Helen A. Lee
Anne Kress
Jeanie Slight
James J. Porter
Marguerite Brewster
Hill
Orswald D. Reich
Mary Thompson
Alberta E. Alexander
Lawrence Eddy
Phoebe Hunter

PUZZLES 1.

Elizabeth Keen
L. Arnold Post

E. Adelaide Hahn
Mack Hays
William K. M. Very
Mabel C. Stark
Margaret Abbott
Wilmot S. Close
Christine Graham
James Brewster
William Ellis Keyser
Oscar D. Stevenson
E. K. Harris
Laura E. Lent
Madge Oakley
Anna H. Taylor
Bonnie Anrell
Agnes Miller Lowe

PUZZLES 2.

Marion Jacqueline Overton
Eleanor Marvin
Lester Jay Reynolds
Oscar C. Lauts
Martin Janowitz
Rachel Rhoades
Medora Addison
Ruth Moss
William Manford Baker
Marion E. Larrabee
George T. Heintz
Agnes R. Lane
Charles Heintz
Arthur McAulan
Dorothy C. Cooper
Daisy James
Gertrude Souther

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words. Title, "A Family Tradition."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Shadows."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "My Best Friend, or Friends" and "A Heading for March."

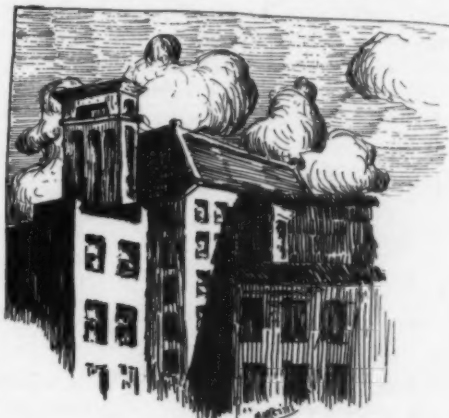
Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Wild-animal or Bird Photograph.

To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home:

First Prize, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.



"A HOME SKETCH IN NEW YORK CITY." BY HERBERT MARTIN, AGE 15.

RULES.

EVERY contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Sq., New York.

PRIZE COMPETITION No. 51.

A Special Cash Prize. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, a cash prize of five dollars will be awarded, instead of another gold badge.

Competition No. 51 will close December 20 (for foreign members December 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for March.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, and to relate in some manner to "Forgiveness."



"A TAILPIECE FOR DECEMBER." BY ELIZABETH BACON HUTCHINGS, AGE 14.

BOOKS AND READING.

A CORRECTION. In the October number the time to send in lists of books about the sea was stated to end on *September 25*, which was an error. In view of this mistake, the time will be extended to December 15.

THE PRIZE AWARD. EVIDENTLY the idea of spending a vacation in a favorite book proved attractive, for there were many competitors, and the work of all was surprisingly good. The young writers were remarkably successful in catching what is called the "atmosphere" of the books chosen, and in giving the touches of character. So good were the papers submitted that the awarding of only three prizes leaves unrewarded some exceedingly creditable work, work *very* nearly as fine as that of these three prize-winners:

First Prize, \$5.00, EUNICE FULLER (15), 170 Prospect St., Providence, R. I.

Second Prize, \$3.00, GLADYS RALSTON BRITTON (17), The Audubon, 39th St., New York City.

Third Prize, \$2.00, RUTH BARRATT YOUNG (15), Kirkwood, Mo.

The three subjects chosen by these writers, respectively, were: "My Visit to the Peterkins" ("Peterkin Papers"), "A Visit to Owd Bob of Kenmuir" ("Bob, Son of Battle"), and "Boating with the Marches," ("Little Women"). The first-prize story is printed below.

Closely following these winning stories came the work of the following competitors, who specially deserve

HONORABLE MENTION.

Emily Rose Burt (15).	Virginia Coryell Cra-
Marguerite Child (16).	ven (16).
Alfred P. Merryman	Mabel Fletcher (16).
(12).	H. Louise Chamber-
Margaret M. Lene-	lain (13).
han (13).	Ruth Allaire (16).
Olive H. Lovett (15).	Beatrice Walmsley
Helen L. Slack (15).	(16).
Florence Clement	Doris Francklyn (16).
(11).	Edwina O'Brien (12).

As to the books selected, they varied so that it is hardly possible to group them. "Little Women" was the most favored, "Alice in Wonderland" coming next. "David Copperfield" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" were chosen by two competitors each. The little "Peterkin Paper" follows:

MY VISIT TO THE PETERKINS.

BY EUNICE FULLER.

I HAD come to visit the Peterkins, and was surprised to find no one at the train, as the lady from Philadelphia had written that Agamemnon would be there. As I approached the house, I saw the family standing in a line, Mr. Peterkin at the head, and the little boys, in their india-rubber boots, at the foot. After they had greeted me, they all cried: "Where is Agamemnon?"

"I have n't seen him!" said I.

"He must be lost!" said Elizabeth Eliza.

Mrs. Peterkin feared he was killed. She had always declared it was dangerous to walk in the street nowadays, for one never could tell about the cars, and any moment a horse might rush out at one, and she had always been afraid of trains and stations anyway.

The little boys proposed to go to find him, each taking a different direction. Mrs. Peterkin was afraid that in that way they would all be lost. Solomon John said that in such cases men always had a rendezvous. Elizabeth Eliza, however, thought one of the little boys might forget the time of meeting, and not be on hand at the right hour; then all the others would think he was lost, and go to search for him, and valuable time would be wasted.

"Yes," said Mr. Peterkin; "we must think of something else."

At last Solomon John hit upon a plan. He said that in ancient times, when Theseus went into a labyrinth, he carried an end of string while some one outside held the other end, and when he wished to come out he followed the string. He suggested that Mrs. Peterkin should hold the ends of several strings, while the little boys should take the other ends. In this way no one could get lost.

"That," said Mr. Peterkin, "comes of going to school."

Elizabeth Eliza, however, who had begun geometry at school, proposed that, using Mrs.

Peterkin as a center and the strings as radii, they should walk about in a circle, and thus traverse a good portion of the neighborhood. Mrs. Peterkin was sure that she should feel dizzy if so many people went around her. Solomon John was afraid this method would occasion climbing fences. But Elizabeth Eliza said Mrs. Peterkin would soon get used to the motion, and the little boys declared that from a high fence they might see Agamemnon in the distance.

So Mrs. Peterkin, with firmly closed eyes, seated herself on the door-step, and the little boys began to carry out Elizabeth Eliza's plan. Suddenly Mrs. Peterkin opened her eyes with a start. One of the strings had snapped! In her fright she dropped the other strings, which fast disappeared from sight. The family grew apprehensive. The little boys would surely be lost! What was to be done?

At this moment I spied Agamemnon coming around the corner, followed by all three little boys. Mrs. Peterkin almost fainted with joy. "At last," she cried, "we are again united as a family!"

A BOOK CORNER.

THERE is something more in a wood than the trees that make it, and there is more in books grouped together than their mere addition would account for. The very same volumes would be put together by different persons in a different way, and the result of one arrangement would be a library, and the other might give — only a mass of books. It is well for young owners of books to give up to them some comfortable corner of a favorite room, so as to make a "favorite place for reading" during the winter evenings. Make it so attractive that whenever you want to settle down in it you will find it occupied by your mother, aunt, or little sister; and then cultivate your moral nature by quietly withdrawing to the next most comfortable place.

SLOW READING.

IF you were to travel across an interesting land, would you prefer to go through on a limited express, or to walk through, with plenty of time for side excursions and sight-seeing? And yet — Surely the moral is obvious. Some young readers find in a good book about a dozen times as much treasure as others carry away from it; and you are fortunate if you are like a young girl who said: "I can't read a good book fast.

I can't understand it if I read it fast." She is likely to become well read in spite of herself. How many generations of men have been at work upon Shakspeare, Dante, and Homer, without any danger of exhausting the mine of wealth these offer! And the Bible! — it is as exhaustless as eternity. No one ever will come to the end of the riches in that great library of every species of literature. Every wise man who has ever made a list of the greatest books in the world has put the Bible first. It is said that young people are reading the Bible less than they once did; if it be true, it is sure they are employing their reading hours to less advantage. Do all of you know the beautiful little "reading editions" now being published?

GROWING UP.

FROM that very good book we may quote the saying concerning the "putting away of childish things"; such, for instance, as those books for young readers that die with one reading — utterly squeezed dry. It is wise to keep trying books that you may think a little too old for you. Possibly you are reading below your capacity, and that is not desirable. Ask older people to recommend books to you — but choose your older advisers with your best judgment.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

ABOUT Christmas-time the wise child lets his taste in books be known. This is not a proverb from the Persian, but good sense from Yankeeland.

ARRANGEMENT OF BOOKS.

HAVE you ever tried putting together the books that suit special moods? The amusing books, the stories of adventure, the home stories being grouped so that when you feel like reading some particular sort, you may at a glance see all your treasures that appeal to that momentary interest? It is not a bad plan. But the possibilities of arrangement are endless, and we all have our favorite plans. I wonder if there is any book-lover who can refrain from putting in one row his most attractive bindings? — the gay, gilded leather covers that make a little court of nobilities? If there is any reader who can refrain from this harmless pageantry, he must be the owner of an unusually logical mind, or else lacks the soul of order.

THE LETTER-BOX.

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell your readers about a club to which I belong, which gives me the great pleasure of helping some poor children to have a Merry Christmas.

It is called the "Junior Empty Stocking Club," and the girls and boys meet once each week, from October until Christmas, to dress dolls, fill marble-bags, string necklaces, etc. We meet at the home of our young president — "Our Dorothy," as we call her.

Last year we dressed fifteen hundred little dolls for the girls, and supplied horns and marbles for the boys.

There is a Senior Club, composed of older people, to whom we report. They are kept busy collecting stockings and all the necessary good things to put in them, and have them ready for distribution on the 18th at the Grand Opera House.

When we have finished dressing the dolls — just as stylishly and daintily and richly as possible — they are collected and grouped in the big parlors of our president's house, and the parents and friends of the members are asked to examine our work. The dolls always look so attractive, and the rooms seem to be filled with immense flower-beds and bushes, with pretty dolls as flowers. They are afterward packed in hampers and sent to the Opera House to await careful distribution with the stockings.

The Senior Club has a large committee to search the city and give the poorest children, from four to twelve years of age, admission badges and car-fare. (This latter is donated by the Electric Railway Company.)

The day previous to the distribution, the Senior members meet on the big stage, where barrels of candy and barrels of apples, bags of nuts, boxes of oranges, stacks of handkerchiefs, etc., are waiting to be divided and placed into the black stockings, two thousand pairs of which are in immense piles. This is what each stocking contained last year: its mate rolled up in the toe; a pocketbook with five new pennies; a good linen handkerchief; bag of candy; nuts; an orange; an apple.

When all are filled and securely tied, they are placed in hampers, ready for good Santa the following day. When those two thousand children are gathered in the Opera House, it is a sight that makes us think how contented we should be.

They are first entertained by the chaplain of the club, who is the good friend of every boy and girl he meets.

Moving pictures and a drill by the Juniors next hold their attention. Then a comedian appears and asks them to assist him to sing some popular melodies, and they will sing and sing, until their voices seem to raise the roof.

When the curtain rises again all is dark. Suddenly a big star shines up in the air; smaller ones appear, and then all the lights shine, and a glorious Christmas tree, twenty-five feet high, is greeted with happy childish cheers.

All about the stage are banks of stockings, horns, and such a lot of dolls, etc. In the meantime Santa Claus appears and speaks to the children, telling them to march up on the stage and each will be given a stocking — "if they're good."

The music commences, and the march across the stage begins. We are allowed to give out the dolls, and the

Junior boys the horns and marbles, while good St. Nicholas places a well-filled stocking in each happy hand.

When it is all over, we wish our friends a Merry Christmas, and I know we children, for the past five years that we have done this work, have been happier for having put some brightness in the lives of our poorer neighbors. I always like to think of the little girls going to sleep with the dolls in their arms.

Lovingly your friend,
MAY RICHARDSON.

—
GLOUCESTER, MASS.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell you how fond of you I am. My father gave you to me for Christmas two years ago, and I like the stories and sketches very much. I am a little girl eleven years old, and I travel around with my father, who is captain of a trading vessel. We have been at Gibraltar, where there are so many British soldiers. It is a very interesting old town. But I like America best of all the countries I have been to, and I was very glad to land at Gloucester, which papa says is one of the greatest fishing ports in the world. Good-by! From your devoted little reader,

ANGELICA BUTTS DE BLOIS (age 11).

—
ST. LOUIS, MO.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thank you very much for giving me the cash prize in the League competition. It certainly was a surprise, for I did not even dream of getting it.

Even my little baby sister, four years old, wants to send a picture to St. NICHOLAS, and rigs up a box for a camera to take one. My parents always say their children have been half raised on St. NICHOLAS, and I am thankful for it, for nothing on earth is better.

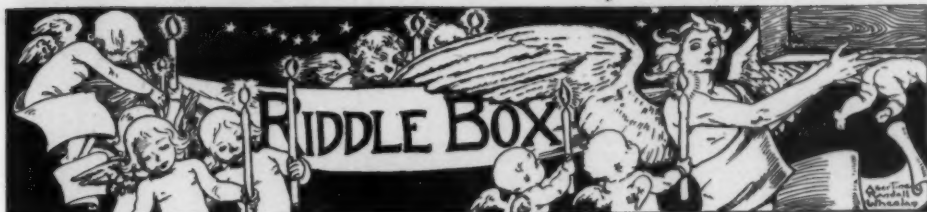
Your faithful reader,
HUGO GRAF.

—
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are five New Yorkers on our way to California to spend the winter with our mother, who is ill, and we are stopping here for two days. We spent our summer in the Tyrol, and it was lovely. The Swiss lakes are beautiful, and there were so many English children to play with. We each had a lovely little donkey to ride, and there were a good many goats. Then we went to France and Germany, and afterward to England, where we stayed at a real English country house, near Oxford, which belonged to our great-grandmother. They have many automobiles or motor-cars there. We have taken you since 1896 and like you very much. You traveled through Europe with us, and now you are going to California. We are all going to sign this.

Lovingly yours,

JOHN BEEKMAN BARRY (14).
ELIZABETH LORING BARRY (13).
DOUGLASS PALMER BARRY (9).
DOROTHEA PAULINE BARRY (9).
ANGELA MURIEL BARRY (6).



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

CHARADE. Externate (x-ten-u-8).
WORD-SQUARE. 1. Blast. 2. Lance. 3. Annex. 4. Scent.
 5. Texts.
CONCEALED DIAGONAL. Election. **CROSS-WORDS:** 1. Entrance. 2. Slippers. 3. Elegance. 4. Pitching. 5. Inaction. 6. Parisian. 7. Governor. 8. American.
TWO ZIGZAGS. 1. Corn. 2. Dove. 3. Rock. 4. Anon. 5. Sack. 6. Lome. 7. Nose. 8. Ague. From 1 to 2, Corn-song.
 11. x. Flaw. 2. Ache. 3. Levi. 4. Mite. 5. Coat. 6. Lair.
 7. Tale. 8. Parr. From 3 to 4, Whittier.
MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE. R-I-D-D-L-E B-O-X.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Joe Carlada—"Alli and Adi"—"Johnny Bear"—"Chuck"—Laura E. Jones.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Alfred Satterthwaite, 4—Harold L. Godwin, 3—M. Davis, 1—J. Charleston, 1—Amelia S. Ferguson, 6—Helen de Haven, 7—Wilmot S. Close, 5—Lillian G. Leece, 8—Margaret C. Wilby, 9—A. Canfield, 1.

DIAGONAL.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another in the order here given, the diagonal (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter) will spell a December festival.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An assembly. 2. Tending to promote health. 3. A beautiful blue mineral. 4. Withdraws definitely from a high office. 5. Additional. 6. To find out for a certainty. 7. A plum-like fruit, very harsh and astringent until it has been exposed to frost. 8. The principal church in a diocese. 9. A full collection of implements. **MARJORIE HOLMES.**

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My *firsts* are in butcher, but not in kill;
 My *seconds*, in note, but not in bill;
 My *thirds* are in gallon, but not in quart;
 My *fourths* are in long, but not in short;
 My *fifths* are in rain, and also in hail;
 My *sixths* are in thunder, but not in gale;
 My *sevenths*, in almond, but not in nut;
 My *wholes*, three countries of Europe.

DAISY JAMES.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

I AM composed of eighty-one letters, and I form a quotation from one of Scott's poems.

My 76-61-54-73-47-19-21-58 is an old name for Christmas. My 59-42-30-69-77 are juicy fruits. My 72-66-67-15-80-10-31-60-57 is an ancient heathen emblem used at Christmas. My 24-44-9-12-81-71 are songs of joy. My 52-70-40-23-3-22-50 is a beverage formerly much used in England at Christmas. My 7-79-65-34-16 is merriment. My 5-14-35-20 is an ancient Norse deity. My 37-26-6-36-2-75 is the coldest season of the year.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

He comes! He comes! The Frost Spirit comes!

You may trace his footsteps now

On the naked woods and the blasted fields

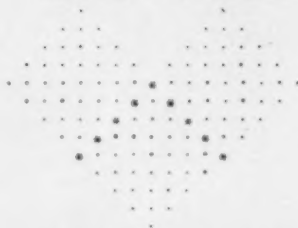
And the brown hill's withered brow. J. G. WHITTIER.

ENDLESS CHAIN. 1. Orange. 2. Gentle. 3. Length. 4. Thrash. 5. Shiver. 6. Ermine. 7. Nectar. 8. Armada. 9. Damsel. 10. Elapse. 11. Search. 12. Change.

ZIGZAG. Thanksgiving. **Cross-words:** 1. Tavern. 2. Thrive. 3. Autumn. 4. Annual. 5. Kindle. 6. Aspect. 7. Gobble. 8. Circle. 9. Violet. 10. Divide. 11. Notice. 12. Aghast.

My 56-17-43-28 is part of a ship. My 25-13-4-33 is expectancy. My 64-49-32-68 is the handle of a sword. My 18-46-27-55 is to determine. My 11 is a point of the compass. My 29-8-41-1 mean a couple. My 63-74-53-45-78 is the summit. My 48-38-39-62-51 is to swing in a circle. **ETHEL PAINE.**

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.



THESE diamonds are only to be read across. The long middle word, however, may be read either across or up and down.

I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In strong. 2. A cooking utensil. 3. A poet. 4. To associate with. 5. A flower named for a beautiful youth who became enamoured of his own image. 6. A vegetable. 7. A bowl. 8. The whole amount. 9. In strong.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In strong. 2. A weapon of war. 3. A musical instrument. 4. A masculine name. 5. A large, showy flower. 6. A feminine name. 7. Birds of prey. 8. A large body of water. 9. In strong.

III. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In strong. 2. To stuff. 3. The next after the eighth. 4. Pastures. 5. A small shore game-bird. 6. A fruit. 7. A scholar. 8. To perceive. 9. In strong.

DAISY JAMES (League Member).

CHARADE.

My first proclaims the peep of day;
 My second's filled with sweetness;
 My second smooths life's tangled snarls
 And aids the maiden's neatness.
 My whole adorns my pompous first;
 My whole in pride is basking;
 My whole believes that every maid
 Would wed him for the asking.

AUGUSTA L. HANCHETT.

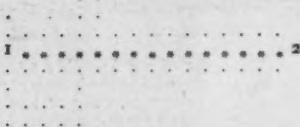
CONCEALED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

ONE word is concealed in each sentence. When these have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the initials will spell the name of a famous cardinal.

1. If you fear a certain animal, avoid it.
2. He slid each time he passed the slippery path.
3. Tragic as the ending was, it made no great impression.
4. Hannah and I will join you soon.
5. Henry says the moon will disappear late to-night.
6. The animal ate all the food I offered.
7. I risked my life in climbing the steep cliff.
8. Grace picked a large bouquet this afternoon.
9. The house, repainted, looked as good as new.

MADGE OAKLEY (League Member).

SWORD PUZZLE.



READING DOWNWARD: 1. A feminine name. 2. A book for autographs. 3. An organ of the body. 4. In addition. 5. A waterfall. 6. To endure. 7. A poem. 8. A swamp. 9. Skill. 10. An article. 11. Useful in a small boat. 12. A feminine name. 13. To lubricate. 14. Entire. 15. Consumed. 16. A measure of weight. 17. In cardinal.

From 1 to 2, a famous man who perished by the sword.

ANGUS M. BERRY.

ZIGZAG.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When these have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag (beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower left-hand letter) will spell the first and last names of a President of the United States.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To tell over again. 2. Good sense. 3. Posture. 4. A cap worn in bed to protect the head. 5. A brief statement of facts concerning the health of some distinguished personage. 6. An absolute sovereign. 7. To establish the identity of. 8. One

of the United States. 9. A severe snow-storm. 10. Faint-hearted. 11. Aloft. 12. The universe. 13. A pointed instrument of the dagger kind fitted on the muzzle of a rifle. 14. A formal method of performing acts of civility. 15. Approbation. JEAN C. FREEMAN.

DIAGONAL.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal, beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter, will spell the name of a famous musician.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Method. 2. An engine of war. 3. A nose. 4. To conduct. 5. Showy clothes. 6. A sudden alarm. RICHARD BLUCHER (age 9).

BEHEADINGS.

1. DOUBLY behead to chide sharply, and leave aged. 2. Doubly behead high estimation, and leave a conjunction. 3. Doubly behead a kind of small type, and leave devoured. 4. Doubly behead the Mohammedan Bible, and leave raced. 5. Doubly behead passages out of a place, and leave a possessive pronoun. 6. Doubly behead a fish, and leave a place of refuge. 7. Doubly behead value, and leave a form of water. 8. Doubly behead the after-song, and leave a lyric poem. 9. Doubly behead to dress, and leave a line of light. 10. Doubly behead an inhabitant of Rome, and leave a human being. 11. Doubly behead a masculine name, and leave to conquer.

The initial letters of the words before beheading will spell the name of a very famous personage.

SAMUEL P. HALDENSTEIN (League Member).

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

We hold the merry Christmas cheer
 And greetings of the glad new year.

CROSS-WORDS.

(One word is concealed in each sentence.)

1. Minerva pinned, with perfect taste,
A chestnut bar upon her waist.
2. A band of coral one inch wide
Adorned her hat-brim's under side.
3. And, as she walked, she swung with grace
A parasol around her face.
4. Across the lawn she swiftly moved,
But high-heeled boots her downfall proved.
5. For when the bordering walk she jumped,
She hurt her pride — her nose was bumped.
6. She tried to run because it rained,
And found her foot was badly sprained.
7. She simply said: "I jumped too soon;
One should not jump in May or June.
8. I've hurt my instep some — it feels
As if I needed higher heels."

ANNA M. PRATT.



25-26.



"RAISING MY GUN, I SENT SHOT AFTER SHOT INTO THE HOWLING, SURGING PACK."

(*"Chased by Wolves," page 214.*)